The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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TRAVELLED IN COSTUME.

Chorus Girls of a Stranded Opera Company Part with their Clothing to get Home.

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All portraits, sketches, and news of an interesting character, throughout Great Britain, will be liberally paid for, if used. Portraits must be accompanied by a complete record, and the sender's name and address, to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed "The Editor, The Mirror of Life," 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. Bury.—Your communication has been received and will appear in our next issue.

R. B. (Newcastle).—Portrait of Jumper Howe will be published in next week's issue.

E. S. (Birmingham).—Sketch appears in this issue.

Inquirer (Mile End).—The date of the shaving competition will be decided this week. Lloyd has refused to enter.

Reader (Bristol).—If you experience any difficulty in obtaining the Mirror of Life regularly, please send us the name and address of your newsagent.

S. N.—Mr. Turner's portrait will appear next week.

S. C. (Horsham).—Your sketches are very good, but not suitable for the Mirror of Life. Try a comic paper.

W. F. (Brighton)—We cannot use portrait at the price you quote. It is much too high.

W. (Manchester)—Paper will be sent as you request.

Reader.—Henry Clay (Patsy), born at Nottingham, 1819; died March 10, 1867; aged forty-seven. Height, 5ft 3in; weight, 8st 6lb. Patsy contested twenty-six battles in thirteen years.

M. (Bury)—See next week's issue.

D. W. (Dublin)—Corbett and Jackson fought a sixty-one-round draw at San Francisco. The California Athletic Club pledged a 10,000dol. purse, but as no decision was reached the club only gave the pugilists 5,000; to be divided between them.

In our current issue we publish the first instalment of the life of Hon. John Morriseey, the only American pugilist who has ever attained the distinction of being elected to Congress. We are indebted to Mr. John Hackett, of New York, for the memoirs of Morrissey. Many of the veteran ring patrons will best remember Morrissey as a supporter of Tom Sayers, when Tom fought John C. Heenan.

* * *

Should James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson fight in this country, the coloured man will certainly rule a favourite in the betting. Some of our best judges of a fighting man declare that Peter is the cleverest big man that has ever carried off ring honours in this country.

* * *

Hair-dressing parlours and public-houses should always keep The Mirror of Life on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and The Mirror of Life is at the head of that list.

MISS PHYLLIS BEASLEY.

Birmingham's Favourite Vocalist.

(With Portrait.)

In the Midlands Miss Phyllis Beasley is a decided favourite with theatre goers. Though but eighteen years of age she has attracted considerable attention by her marvellous singing, being capable of pitching her voice nearly three octaves with ease and purity. She is a niece of Sir Joseph Beasley, of Brampton Park, a Huntingdon magistrate, her father being manager of large ironworks at Smithwick. Gifted with an excellent voice, even in childhood she showed great talent for singing many of the most difficult arias from the principal operas, but unfortunately the tendency to adopt a professional career was sternly checked by her parents, who sent her to be educated at the convent of St. Mary's, Staffordshire. By no means undaunted in her intentions, however, Miss Beasley paid the utmost attention to perfecting herself in music and voice, and on leaving the convent, only eighteen months ago, she at once took to the stage, on which she has met with most gratifying success. She speaks French, Italian, and German fluently. Miss Beasley has been enacting the part of Diana in the pantomime "Fairy Queen," at Leeds. Major George Stratton, of London, has charge of her business affairs, and has already booked engagements for her in the various parts of the United Kingdom for 1894.

JOE HARRIS.

The Australian Book-Maker, known as the "Globe-Trotter."

(With Portrait.)

Joe Harris is equally as well known amongst the "Fancy" as he is on the Turf. He was born at Melbourne, Australia, thirty-one years ago, and when he became of age he turned his attention to sporting, making a book on the Melbourne Course. He visited India and "booked" at a race meeting there, and then returned home. During the past four years he has made five trips between the Colonies of Australasia and the United States, besides two visits to this country. He brought to the States Tom Tracey, Dan Creedon, Jem Hall, Abe Willis, and Billy Maber, the well-known pugilists from Australia, and fully realises the amount of gratitude some of the fistic fraternity possess. Harris will make a book in partnership with Arthur Levinson on the English Turf, and is also prepared to put up the money for Creedon and Tracy to fight men of the even weight in the country. Being a strong Corbett man, he and Levinson are credited with being the heaviest winners on the late fight, and on some of the wagers they placed they laid as high as £200 to £60 on the American.

PROMPTED BY JEALOUSY.

An Actress made a Target of by the Audience in a Paris Theatre.

(Subject of Illustration.)

An extraordinary scene took place the other night at the Opéra Comique, Paris, during the production of M. Saint-Saens's opera *Phryne*. The title *role* had been given to Mdlle. Jeanne Hading, and as soon as she made her appearance on the stage she was received with an outburst of hissing and hooting from several persons in the stalls and boxes. One of the boxes was occupied by a lady who had evidently come provided for the occasion. They threw cabbages, potatoes, and similar missiles at the actress. It is said that Mdlle. Hading had captivated the lady's husband, and that the relations between them were too intimate for the wife's approval, and that the latter therefore took this opportunity of revenging herself.

DETECTED SMUGGLING LIQUOR.

A Convict got his Drink through a Nursing Bottle.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In a North London gaol there is a short term prisoner who has been the envy of his comrades. The gaoler has noticed several times that one of the convicts has displayed signs of liquor, and was at a loss to know from where it was procured. On visiting day a young woman usually called, and in conversing with her convict friend would press close up to the bars. The other day the same female called again, and when she was supposed to be in conversation with her friend, the keeper swooped down on her and found dangling from her bosom a long rubber pipe which connected with a nursing bottle against her breast. The bottle still contained some whisky, and now the prisoner is denied the privilege of visitors coming to see him.

ARTHUR LEVINSON.

A Sporting Man who has Travelled the World.

(With Portrait.)

The latest acquisition to the bookmaking fraternity in England is Arthur Levinson, who was born at Ballarat, Australia, thirty-three years ago. He made a book at Melbourne for several years, and then went to South America, making headquarters at Buenos Ayres for close on to five years. It was whilst in that country that he made a business of importing yearlings, and was also represented in the deal which resulted in the purchase of Ormonde by the Americans.

Mr. Levinson has been in the States for the past year, and comes here to make a book on the races in conjunction with Joe Harris.

HARRY L. GOLBORNE.

A Liverpool Athlete and Billiardist.

(With Portrait.)

Probably the most prominent amateur billiardist and athlete in Liverpool is Mr. Harry L. Golborne. He was born at Birkenhead thirty-three years ago, stands 6ft, and scales 12st 7lb in weight. During hie schoolboy days he secured numerous prizes at the annual field sports, and after graduating he went to Manchester, where he attained a reputation as an expert cricketer. Playing for the Moss Side in 1881, he scored three times "not out" in twelve innings, gaining 504 runs, and making an average of 56. From 1882 to 1887, he won prizes to the value of £800 as a runner at the Northern and Midland Amateur meetings, securing victories at distances ranging from 100 yards to ten miles.

Last November he won the Liverpool and District Amateur Billiard Championship, securing the Ashcroft Challenge Cup and a gold medal. At spot-barred he has made a break of 140, which record he is confident of beating in his next match.

Being an excellent all round athletic, Mr. Golborne is regarded as an authority on sporting in Liverpool. He is the official handicapper of the Amateur Athletic Association and the National Cyclists' Union. By profession he is a journalist.

TOM TRACEY, OF MELBOURNE.

The 10-Stone Pugilist who Challenges the World.

(With Portrait.)

Tom Tracey, the 10-stone pugilist of Melbourne, Australia, who contemplates visiting this country shortly, was born in the colony of Victoria twenty-five years ago. During his career he has beaten such men as Tom Williams, Dummy Mace, and Gallagher. He is clever, and a good ring general. Those who have seen him perform regard him as the best 10-stone pugilist extant.

MARTIN DENNY, SYDNEY.

Clever Light Weight.

Matched to Fight Stanton Abbott.

(With Portrait.)

Martin Denny is a native of New South Wales, and is but 24 years of age. At the present he is located at Morecambe, and is looked after by the famous runner, William Cummings. He is matched to fight Stanton Abbott at the National Sporting Club in April, for a purse and a side bet. Denny has beaten, among others, Matieu, for £1,000, and Nipper Peakes, in the colonies. He is game, and understands a twenty-four-foot ring thoroughly, being a clever two-hand fighter and a good general.

BEATEN INSENSIBLE.

White Cap Outrages in America.

(Subject of Illustration.)

During the past six months White Cap outrages have been numerous in Kentucky, U.S.A., apparently the work of a lawless band of men, who glory in dealing punishment to innocent and law-abiding citizens. In Mercer county they have whipped six men, killed one, whipped two women, and made raids on many farmhouses. The most dastardly deed, however, was perpetrated recently, when a band of fifty broke down the door of Sam Martin's house. He was sitting by the fireside reading a paper, and his wife was in bed. The midnight marauders pulled her from her couch, and taking her outside, beat her till she became insensible. The husband's pleadings for her were of no avail. On departing the White Caps gave her warning that in future she must conduct herself as a pure and virtuous woman and refrain from gossiping. The Circuit Court is in session and Judge Sangley has instructed the grand jury to ferret out the White Cap band even if an extended term of court be necessary.

HOW HAIRDRESSERS FORCE TRADE.

Wiles and Ways Practised on Customers to Reach the Purse.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In view of the fact that we are soon to have a shaving competition for The Mirror of Life championship trophy, our representative has called on many hair dressers to ascertain their ideas as to what conditions should be exacted to bring about a fair contest on equal terms. The rapid shavers develop from the cheaper shops, because a man must perform work rapidly in order to increase his takings to a paying sum. Take some of the West-end establishments, and a customer is not "scraped" in a hurricane fashion, but more or less time is squandered in order to convince the victim that special attention is bestowed upon him. One shop has quite a run of trade at fashionable prices, and half a dozen chairs are kept full all day long. Enter the place, and it does not matter if there should be a dozen ahead of you waiting their turn, the man in charge will inform you that it is your turn next in one of the chairs, though he neglects to state whether in a waiting or operating chair. You will merely request a shave, and intimate you are in great haste. Haste sounds good, but it don't go; the first thing he will do is to inform you that your hair is getting long, however short it may be. If you decline to entertain a hair cut, then he suddenly realises that your head requires shampooing. The shampoo racket, if a failure, does not disconcert him in the least, it merely imbues him into suggesting a good face wash or a hair restorer, or he will want to dye your moustache. After suffering all the agonies imaginable you finally vacate the chair, and consider yourself in luck by escaping with only a sixpence expense. You may think you have wasted all the money that is expected of you, but you haven't, because as you don your coat a man will suggest brushing your clothes. He want a tip, and twopence will appease his desires; then you come in contact with one who hands you your "tile"; he wants to get insulted too with a tip. Are you through? Not by a jugful. Your boots, however bright they may look, will require a shine in the estimation of the bootblack. Well, he can be pushed aside, and you are now ready to breath the air of freedom, once more condemning yourself for not keeping your own razors and doing the work at home.

In East-end shops where you get the penny shave different management prevails. You fall into an uncomfortable chair, and if the operator is in a hurry the lather brush may hit you in the mouth, or the suds may splash into your eyes. The razor is drawn across your face in a manner which would make you feel that the blood was rolling down your cheeks like so much water. You survive the operation, but when it is over you will imagine that a rasp has been in contact your hide and swept away all it came in contact with.

OBJECTED TO COMPETITION.

Chinese Laundrymen Object to Competition and get Roughly Dealt With.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Since the hard times have set in many of the American girls who have found themselves out of work have taken to laundrying. Several of the more enterprising ones opened a laundry in Cambridge recently, and being of prepossessing appearance, readily secured the trade of the Harvard College students. The established price of doing a shirt amongst Chinamen is fivepence, and the new laundry quoted but fourpence on a price-list. It practically robbed four Chinese laundries in the immediate vicinity of the bulk of the best paying trade. The members of the almond-eyed fraternity revolted against the "scab shop" recently, and went there, half-a-dozen strong, to expostulate with the maidens. The spokesman of the party said something of an insulting nature in his pigeon English, and it was the means of producing a riot in which the Chinamen got pretty roughly handled. Flat irons, water, and ironing boards were brought into play, and by the time the girls had exhausted their strength the floor was strewn with Chinamen. The dusky warriors were then thrown out on the side walk by a patron who happened to come along. The fight has occasioned much talk in that portion of Boston known as Chinatown, where the Chinese congregate on Sundays to "hit the pipe," gamble, and chat of the week's doings. The police are keeping a strict surveillance of the girls' laundry to see that a repetition of the riot does not occur.

Mr. Wickwire: "Prize-fighting is not half the brutal thing that people think it is, if Corbett is right. He says the chief strain on the fighter is in avoiding the blows of his antagonist."

Mrs. Wickwire: "Is that so? I supposed that the hardest part of the work was the preliminary talking."

THE HON. JOHN MORRISSEY

Memoirs of the Famous Pugilist.

The Only American Who Ever Became a Distinguished Statesman.

In Life He Was Honoured and Respected by All.

Would Die Rather than Display Cowardice.

Of all the pugilists who ever secured honours in the prize ring, there were but two that ever attained any distinction outside of their profession—an Englishman and an American. Our noted man was John Gully, who was elected a member of Parliament, and commanded the respect of all who knew him. He did not fight many battles in the ring before his intellect broadened and induced him to seek honours far above those which are bestowed upon a prize fighter. It was not long ere he became a pride and a credit to his relatives and friends, and to this day we refer to him as one of our great men.

The American who obtained similar distinction was John Morrissey, the son of Irish parents, who emigrated from Tipperary to New York when John was in his infancy and settled in the city of Troy, the head of the Navigation of the Hudson River in New York State. Aside from the usual boyish escapades, Morrissey's early life ran in a quiet groove, though he was in those days regarded with respect by his rough companions, who readily saw he was endowed with an unusual amount of physical brawn and courage.

Hearing so much of the great metropolis at the mouth of the Hudson, John soon cultivated a desire to set foot in New York city; securing employment as a deck-hand on one of the steamers plying between Troy and New York city, his wishes were easily gratified. A few trips and the work he was forced to do became irksome, so he resolved to cast his fortunes in the metropolis of America.

Morrissey's entrée was decidedly dramatic, because one fine spring morning he entered the famous sporting resort at No. 28, Park Row, the headquarters of fighting men and full-fledged sports of the day. It was also the rendezvous of the historical Empire Club, which had as a leading member the notorious Isiah Rynders, the courageous political leader of the sporting men of that time. Knowing his prowess, and realising the fact that members of the fistic fraternity assembled there, Morrissey stepped boldly into the resort, and said: "I have come to fight the biggest man you can produce, Yankee Sullivan or Tom Hyer preferred, if either are here." That was sufficient to produce a rough and tumble fight which, for fierceness, was never witnessed before by mankind. Several piled on to Morrissey and showed no mercy to the Trojan, who, however, stuck to his task till those who dared face him sickened at the spectacle, and left Morrissey a mere semblance of human kind. They became alarmed and took flight, whilst Morrissey was carried to bed. A few days' nursing brought him around, and he became the hero of the hour. It was the sole object of sightseers to look at the man who had battled so valiantly against half a score of the toughest men New York could produce.

Country McCluskey, a prominent pugilist of the period, expressed a desire to Isiah Rynders to meet this great unknown quantity. "Can you whip half-a-dozen men?" said Rynders. "Well, if you can't, let Morrissey alone." Between working and fighting, John was kept busy till the gold excitement struck New York in the fall of '49, and as the fever increased so did Morrissey's desire grow to visit the Pacific coast, and in 1851 he set out for the Eldorado, having as a companion Dad Cunningham, who was a noted gambler, and had snuffed out the existence of Paujean McLoughlin. In due time the pair reached Chagres, and a question arose as to whether the adventurers would be allowed to land, but Morrissey readily overcame that obstacle by plunging into the water followed by Dad. Being excellent swimmers, they soon reached the shore. After remaining there a short time they wended their way to Panama at the westerly end of the Isthmus of that name, reaching that place penniless and with but one half the journey traversed. They met many who were there awaiting the arrival of the craft which was to convey them to San Francisco. Those who had congregated there were as bold and determined a band of adventurers that ever set sail from any port, and it was with such men that Morrissey and Cunningham took passage. The ship which they boarded was commanded by Captain "Bully" Wright, well-known to the seafaring men of those days of lawlessness as the most cruel and remorseless bully that ever strode a quarterdeck. As tough as Wright was, however, he at length found men just as courageous and merciless as himself amongst the band who were bound for the goldfields. His arrogant ways soon created dissatisfaction, and after a twenty-four hours' sail from Panama an open revolt occurred. Wright became aware of the fact that he had to deal with desperate men, and in his dilemma he appealed to Morrissey and Cunningham, who by the way, were stowaways, for assistance. Morrissey's shaggy and massive appearance attracted Wright's attention, and he was elected to subdue the mutineers. Selecting the most powerful one of the gang, who was judged to be the leader, Morrissey walked straight to him and gave him notice that the mutiny must cease, and the ship's rules must be complied with to the letter. Angry words were exchanged and soon led to blows. Placing himself in a narrow passage, Morrissey knocked the leader down, and thrashed four others unmercifully. It quelled the revolt, which pleased the Captain, so that first-class fare fell to the lot of the two stowaways for the balance of the voyage, the craft reaching the Golden Gate in the summer of '51. Morrissey's appearance on striking shore was not up to the regulation standard, being bronzed from the scorching sun, and his wearing apparel in a sadly dilapidated condition. On the day of his arrival Morrissey was greeted by an old friend and fellow townsman, John Hackett, who proffered pecuniary assistance that the Trojan might procure a decent outfit, but Morrissey declined to accept any aid, remarking that he proposed to earn what money he might require, showing his self-reliant nature and the true character of the man. He toiled about the docks, loading and unloading vessels arriving at that port for a week, when he secured sufficient money to purchase what he required. John's appearance underwent a decided change because he dressed in the latest fashion and adorned his massive head with a tall hat.

It was not long ere news reached 'Frisco of a gold discovery at Queen Charlotte Island, in the North-West Pacific Ocean. Morrissey made one of a party of twenty who chartered a schooner and set sail for the promised land. Arriving there in due time they cast anchor a short distance from shore. The craft proved to be a matter of wonder to the astonished tribe of Indians who inhabited the island, and the adventurers deemed it imprudent to embark before they held a consultation. The Indians swam out in swarms to the vessel's side, among them being an immensely powerful fellow whom the rest regarded as a chief. After a deal of perseverance he was induced to come aboard, and he had hardly trod on deck when Morrissey, grasping him, dragged him to the opposite side and hurled him overboard, throwing himself in too. He made an effort to drown the chief, but as the Indian was a veritable Hercules and an excellent water-dog, he managed to struggle into freedom, divining Morrissey's purpose. Once free he swam ashore, the rest of the tribe joining him. A careful review of the situation prompted the party to return to 'Frisco. On reaching there it was made known that Thompson had fought and defeated Willis for the championship of the Pacific Coast. Being in financial stress, Morrissey sought a meeting with Thompson, who was regarded as invincible. The entire sporting element were Thompson to the backbone, and Jim Hughes, a noted sport, in particular declared it was all over but the shouting. Morrissey trained faithfully under the guidance of Joe Winron, and it was whilst undergoing preparation for the battle that his staunch friend, Hackett, visited the training quarters to prevail upon him to give Thompson the go-by. Morrissey, however, had a different opinion, and realising 1,000 dols. from a benefit, he tendered half to his trainer, but Winron insisted on that sum being staked on the result. The battle occurred in August, 1852, at Mares Island. The Morrissey faction were conveyed to the battle-ground in the steamer *Red Jacket*, and were rowed ashore by Dave Crowley, who afterward became Chief of Police of 'Frisco. In the opening round Thompson led, but was countered with a well-directed blow which settled the fight. At heart Thompson was a cur, and realising the blow he received was only a reminder of what would follow, he funked so badly that all his anticipations of victory were shattered, and he was a mere chopping-block for Morrissey, who made short work of him. He made repeated attempts to commit a deliberate foul, and was time and again cautioned by Billy Watkins, the referee. Finally, Thompson grabbed Morrissey by the legs and threw him, and the fight was given against him on a palpable foul. Jem McCabe and Bob Wood backed the loser, and warned stakeholder Whipple not to pay Morrissey the stakes. On learning the status of affairs and agreed to fight over again, but to this the Thompson party would not consent. He then declared he would have his rightful winnings, and calling on the stakeholder found McCabe and Wood there too. The battle money was all in gold and in a bag, and Morrissey wrestled it from Whipple before McCabe and Wood could draw their revolvers. Thus he got what he was entitled to. That night Morrissey entered a resort and encountered the fearless Billy Mulligan, who was respected and feared by all the sports and tough element of the town. Being slightly under the influence of liquor, Morrissey suggested that he could produce a man Mulligan's size who could whip him. "Fight me my style," said Mulligan, "and I fear no man alive." "What style shall it be?," said Morrissey. "Ten paces," replied Mulligan, who was an excellent shot. Morrissey was ignorant of the use of revolvers, though he had an apology of a weapon which he began tugging at to release from his hip pocket. Ten paces were measured and each took his position. Mulligan could have easily killed his man, but was too game to take an advantage. Suddenly the door was burst in and friends of the combatants patched up a treaty of peace which no doubt saved Morrissey's life.

(To be continued.)

FROM YANKEELAND.

Fighters and Their Movements.

Contemplated Visits to England.

Boston, Feb. 24.—James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell boxed in Madison Square Gardens, New York, before 9,000 people for the benefit of the poor. The show realised over 10,000 dols., and the appearance of the two big pugilists for charity's sake will reflect favourably upon the boxers. It is a well-known fact that the authorities in New York have been opposed to public sparring contests since the Plimmer-Dixon match, and it was to reverse the public sentiment the charity show was held. Now it opens up the way for a public contest, and it is not unlikely but that Corbett, Mitchell, or some of the noted scrappers will arrange for a match to come off in the Gardens, and a large "gate" will be the result.

Corbett will be in England before the first of May, and his ideas are on a different scale than any pugilist who has yet visited the Old Country. Brady intents that Jim shall appear in Europe in the guise of an actor and do three rounds with John Donaldson in the play called "Gentleman Jim." One thing they have on their programme is the appearance of Corbett in the town where his father was born in Ireland and give an exhibition free for everybody. Brady anticipates having Corbett appear before all the crowned heads of Europe. In this he may or may not be successful. John T. Griffin will visit London shortly and seek a match with any man in England, at 8st 8lb, for a suitable purse and side bet. He is one of the best men in this country at that weight, and besides he is not afraid to fight. He has been trying for the past year to get on a match with George Dixon, but the coloured lad has kept him at a respectful distance. Griffin has beaten Billy Murphy, and had Ike Weir, The Spider, whipped to a standstill when the "mob" broke up the match.

Stanton Abbott and Jimmy Dime will not meet March 5, at Boston, but will come together at New Bedford, March 9.

Dime is esteemed the best American foeman to try conclusions at 9st 2lb with the English champion. Jack McAuliffe and Austin S. Cibbons are both bigger and better tried men than Dime. The latter has been regarded, however, by sport followers who watch promising colts closely as a customer likely to land at the front. Dime has defeated Jack Green and Billy Frazier. He saw Abbott defeat Jack Falvey at Providence, and he is not haggling over terms, but is pleased with his chance at New Bedford because it means the top of the 9st 2lb ladder to win.

Speaking to Mitchell the other day, he said: "I have decided to remain in the States indefinitely. I might do some more boxing in my career, but I have made up my mind not to fight to a finish again. Perhaps I shall make a book on the tracks when the racing season begins. It all depends what happens to me in the next two months." Mitchell is of the opinion that the battle between Jackson and Corbett will be a great one. He says Corbett should win.

Corbett is looking forward to his departure to England with considerable expectation. He says that there is nothing new in regard to his match with Peter Jackson, except that it will certainly come off. He thinks England will finally be chosen as the scene of the conflict. Manager Brady says: "If we fight in England we will not agree to an English referee or a twenty-round bout. It must be to a finish. If we should agree to a twenty-round bout, and Jackson got in a couple of good blows, the result would be, if he is well liked over there, a decision in his favour. I wish to state that Jim is taking good care of himself." Billy Murphy, the Australian feather-weight, and Johnny Breslin, whose friends thought him a coming world-beater, met in a finish fight at the Lafayette Club the other night for a purse of 500 dols. Three-ounce gloves were used. The contest was furious from the call of time. Breslin lost his head in the second round and was knocked completely out.

The boxers find it uphill work getting a liberal purse nowadays, and there are, therefore, many first-class men in search of a fight for a decent sum of money. It is a growing belief here that Corbett and Jackson will settle their match in London, and it is safe to say that several of our good men will look for cash in the old country a little later on.

Tom Tracey, the Australian 10st pugilist, has been too ill to engage in any boxing contest, and his manager declares that he will not permit him to fight any man above 10st in weight when he does recover his old form.

Austin Gibbons was fined £40 for assaulting Frank Craig and refusing to pay the fine, the judge committed him to goal.

Billy Plimmer's late manager, Louis Waldron, failed to obtain an injunction restraining Plimmer from appearing under other management. Waldron claims there was a contract. Plimmer says it was abandoned by mutual consent.

Jake Kilrain is very sick at his home in Baltimore, and his recovery is doubtful.

Elm.

A "MASHER" MASHED.

Shop girls Treat a Swell to a Good Drubbing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

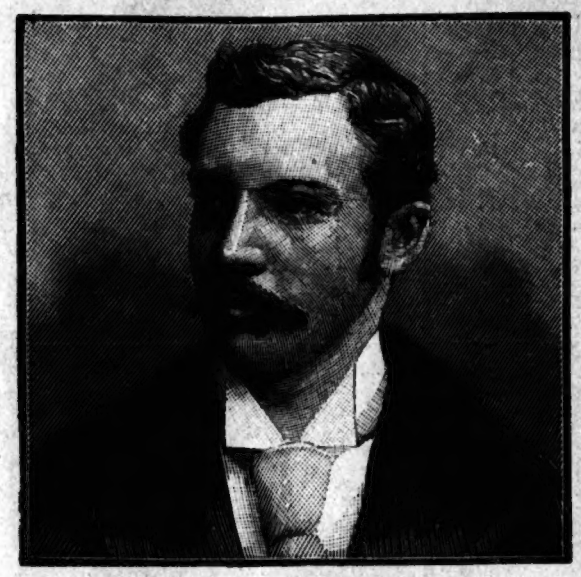
An amusing incident occurred on Victoria Street the other day, which is well worthy of mention. Whilst a party of shop girls were wending their way homeward one of them was accosted by a young man who, in course of a conversation, made an indecent proposal to the young woman. She resented the insult, and three of her companions came to her rescue. Throwing the "masher" down, they fairly mopped up the side-walk with him. When the youth obtained his liberty he was a sight to behold, and was not slow in disappearing down the first turning he came to, a sadder but wiser man. It is hardly likely he will muster up courage to insult a shop-girl for many a day to come.

THEY IMBIBED TO HIS HEALTH.

A Publican's Stroke of Business to Increase Trade.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"This is what brings me home," said a man who had boarded a train at Southampton for London, having just left a North German boat. He displayed a small bottle which contained several small pieces of bone and dust. "You don't know what it is? Why, it is the remains of my wife who was cremated after her death in New York. Yes; that is getting to be quite the thing in the States to cremate the dead, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to see the dead members of the family in ornamental jars placed on the mantel, or some other conspicuous place. Do you know that a favourite bar-tender died a short time since in New Jersey, and the proprietor of the saloon had the employé's remains cremated, and placed in a jar labelled, the 'remains of Edward Kue.' The jar was placed in a prominent position, and many of the patrons would delight in drinking to the comfort of Edward Kue. Of course, they have no idea which direction he has gone in, but it is generally supposed that Edward now resides in a climate where an overcoat is not necessary. It seems hard to think that a man is doomed to the hot region, but I believe that any man who dispenses liquor for a living can never be admitted to the place where it is eternally light, however repentant he may become at the last moments of his existence on earth."



HARRY L. GOLBORNE.
A Liverpool Athlete and Billiardist.

PETER MOSS, OF SOUTH LONDON
Open to Meet any Rapid Shaver in England.

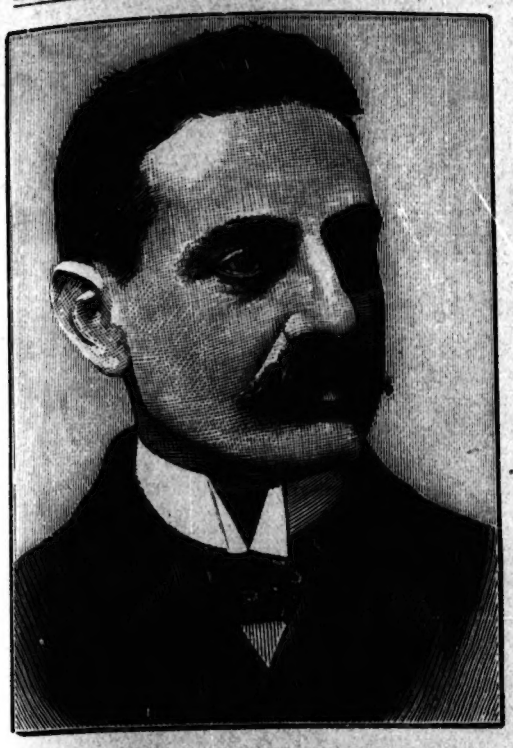
T. STEELE, OF BETHNAL GREEN.
A Speedy Shaver Open for Competition.

ARTHUR VALENTINE.
Clever Light-weight who beat Hyams.

PETARD IN THE THEATRE.
A Mischief-maker Frightens an Audience at Pisc.

A "MASHER" MASHED.
Shop Girls Treat a Swell to a Good Drubbing.

PROMPTED BY JEALOUSY.
An Actress made a Target of by the audience in a Paris) Theatre



ARTHUR LEVINSON.

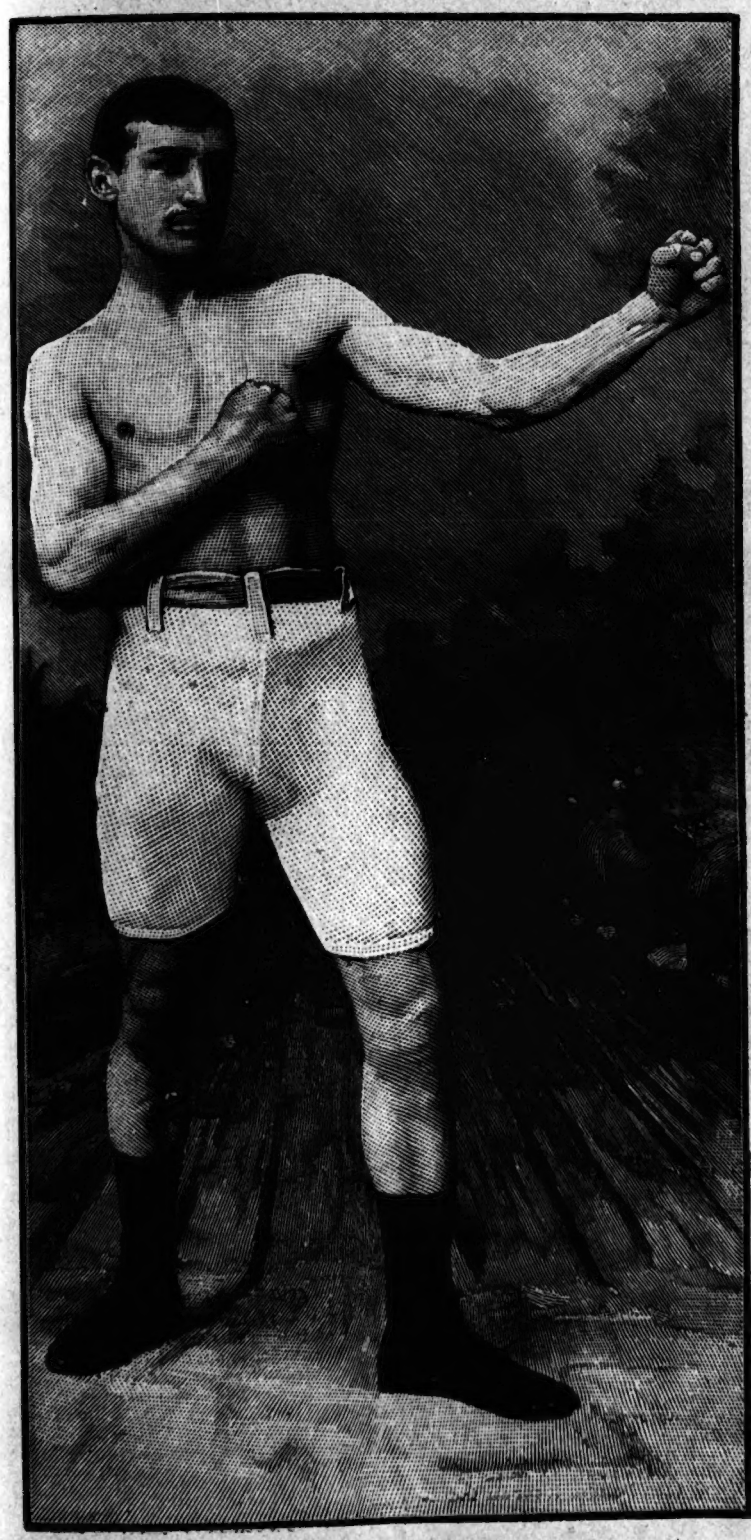
A Sporting Man who has Travelled the World.

GEORGE DRAKE, OF LEEDS.

A Bookmaker and Backer of Pugilists.

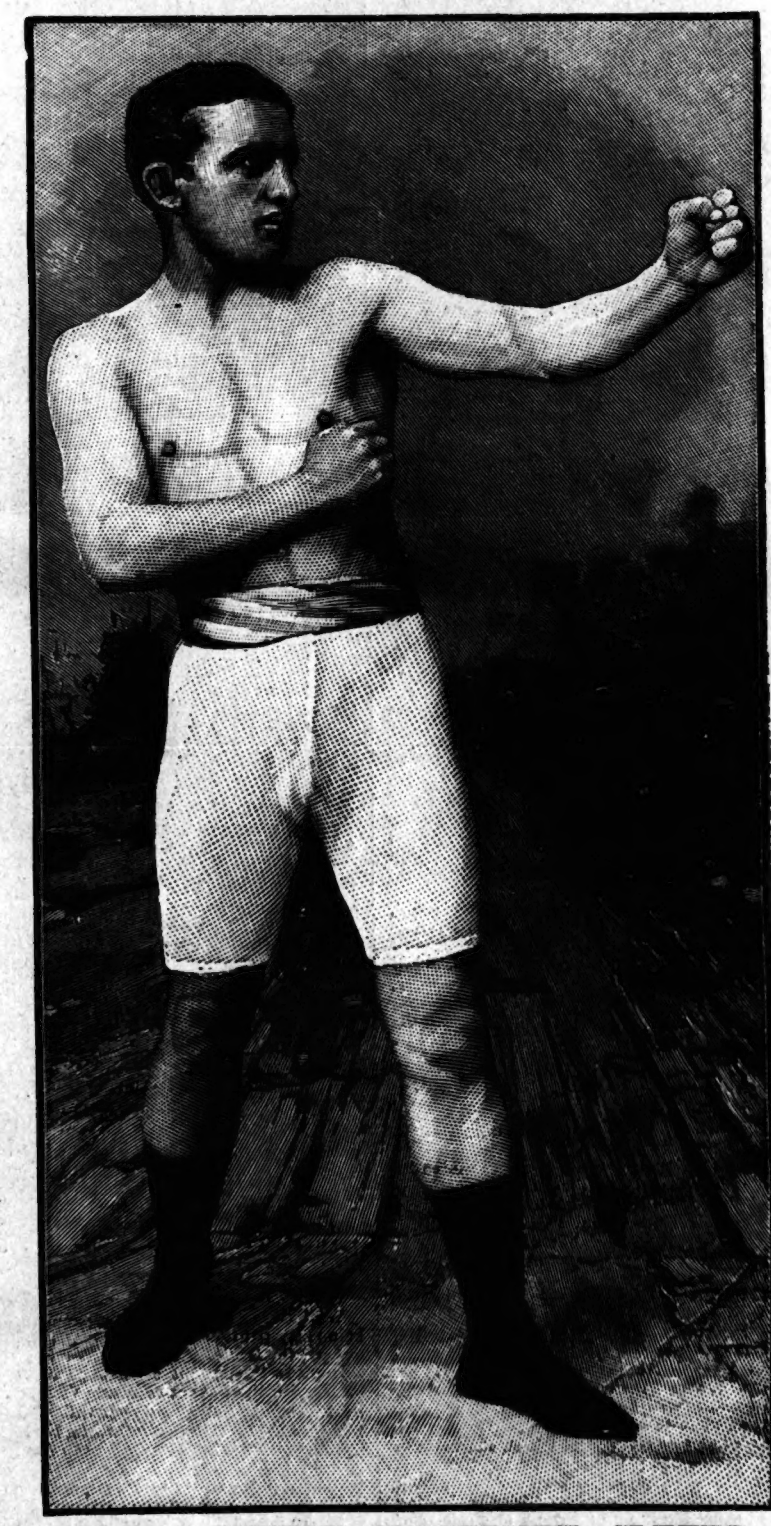
JOE HARRIS.

The Australian Bookmaker, known as the "Globe Trotter."



TOM TRACEY, OF MELBOURNE.

The 10-Stone Pugilist who Challenges the World.



MARTIN DENNY, OF SYDNEY, CLEVER LIGHT-WEIGHT.

Matched to Fight Stanton Abbott in April.

HONEST SPORTS.

Skating Championships.

New Records Made at Norway.

Cross Country Running.

Boxing Prohibited at Yale College.

The European Amateur Skating Championships were decided at Hamar, Norway, February 24 and 25, and included races at 500, 1,500, and 5,000 metres. The results were: 500 metres (547 yards), Final Heat: Halvorsen (Hamar), 1. Time, 48sec; A. Nass (Christiana), 2. Time, 48 1-5sec. P. Ostlund (Trondhjem), 3. Time, 48 2-5sec. The race was keenly contested, the leaders keeping close together. 1,500, metres, Final Heat: Ostlund, 1. Time, 2min 28 4-5th sec. Halvorsen, 2. Time, 2min 29 2-5th sec. Petersham, 3. Time, 2min 35 1-5th sec. Norseng, 4. Time, 2min 38 4-5th sec. A new record was established by Ostland. 5,000 metres race: Eden (Holland), 1. Time, 8min 37 3-5th sec. Halvorsen, 2. Time, 8min 39 3-5th sec. Petersen, 3. Time, 9min 2sec. Ostlund, 4. Time, 9min 6 1-5th sec.

* * *

The Southern Counties' Junior Cross-country Handicap was decided at Wembley Park, February 24, and 285 men started. Tunbridge Wells proved successful with 97 points, against Cavendish with 109 points. The other leading clubs were—Bristol H., 3, 143 points; Cotswold H., 4, 176; and Widcombe Institute (Bath), 5, 219. Last year's winner, J. Webb, Widcombe, was again first home. He beat his nearest opponent by nearly a minute in 63min 12 4-5sec. C. Burfoot, Tunbridge Wells, was second, 50 yards ahead of his fellow clubman, W. Mitchell, who beat T. Guiliver, Bristol, after a hard race, by a yard. Fourteen seconds separated the fifth and sixth men—U. S. Gilsby, Hampstead, and F. Caiger, Epsom.

* * *

The Yale faculty announces that no more boxing will be allowed in any public contests given by Yale College, U.S.A. Boxing has long been opposed by the faculty, and the knocking-out of one man in last winter's games has intensified that opposition until it is believed the time is not far remote when it will be forbidden at Yale altogether.

* * *

Jake Schaefer and young Ives, the famous American billiard players, have left the States for this country. Schaefer will visit Paris to give a series of exhibitions there, and Ives will make headquarters in London and arrange a match with the English champion, Roberts.

* * *

Ed Hanlan, the oarsman, has reconsidered his determination to retire, and will participate in the Austin (Texas) regatta, rowing in doubles with Gaudaur, and possibly starting also in the singles. He is also prepared to join Gaudaur and make a match with Sullivan and Harding, the English scullers who are looking for such a match.

* * *

Evan Lewis, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, who has been on the sick list for some time, wants to arrange a match with any man in America. Lewis will agree to wrestle Tom Connors, the English champion, who is now in the States, McLeod, of San Francisco, or "Farmer" Burns, a straight catch-as-catch can match for a purse and side bet, or for a purse alone; or he will wrestle Wittmer, of Cincinnati, or Ernest Roeber, of New York, mixed styles, catch-as-catch-can and Græco-Roman.

* * *

Lord Dunraven's yacht Valkyrie will, it is stated, sail for England on May 1.

* * *

At Montreal, February 26, J. S. Johnson, the well known American skater, broke the record for ten miles, completing the distance in 31min 11 4-5sec. At the same meeting Norweldt skated half a mile in 1min 25sec, which is also a record.

* * *

Joe Darby, champion jumper of the world, has returned to England after an eighteen weeks' tour in the States.

* * *

The whippet-dog handicap promoted by the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* will be run off at the National Athletic Grounds at Kensal Rise, London. Friday, March 23. J. A. Tatham and Thomas Berry are to officiate as handicappers. The winning dog will receive £100; second, £50; third, £20.

* * *

Previous to retiring from aquatics, George Bubear would like to meet any man in England, bar Sullivan and Harding, over the Thames championship course, for a reasonable stake. Bubear has been before the public as a sculler for fourteen years, and has won sixty per cent. of the races in which he has participated.

* * *

Those who have entered for the shaving competition are to meet at the offices of The Mirror of Life, Thursday, March 8, and mutually agree upon a date and place of contest. Six have signified a desire to contend for The Mirror of Life Championship trophy and each is confident of success. In addition to the trophy, the winner will receive the net proceeds of the admission receipts, and as already much interest has been created, the attendance should be large whilst the contest is in progess. There are several who "fancy" themselves as rapid shavers and delare that the record which Rymer claims to hold will be put in the shade. Practical hair-dressers will be elected to officiate as referee and judges, so there can be no dispute on any decision rendered.

* * *

The preliminary arrangements for sending a South African cricket team to England are now progressing very favourably. The Hon. C. J. Rhodes presided at a public meeting at Cape Town, on February 9, to consider the matter of a guarantee, and subscribed £500 towards that fund. His Excellency Sir Henry Lock also made a donation to the fund, and President Kruger is expected to follow suit. Tancred, the champion batsman in Africa, will be unable to join the team.

* * *

Harry Thomas, the Queen's Waterman, who expired somewhat suddenly from heart disease at his residence, the Cottage, Fulham, on Friday, February 23, aged forty-six, was buried at Fulham Burial Ground, March 1. Thomas was in the winning four at the National Regatta no fewer than five times, viz., in 1872-73-74-76-77, and he also won the pairs in 1874-7-79. Amongst those present by the graveside we noticed: Tom Tims (O.U.B.C.), W. G. East, E. Fox, W. Driver, C. Brightwell, Dave Godwin, J. Wise, Dick Green, J. Gibson, W. A. Barry, Mo. Gibson, "Doggett" Cobb, W. E. Fuller, and numerous others.

* * *

The Cambridge and Oxford crews are down to solid work on the Thames, and both crews are going in good form. A close and exciting struggle is looked forward to on March 17. The latest weights and positions, up to the time of going to press, follow:—

Oxford.	st	lb
H. B. Cotton (Magdalen) (bow).	9	13
2. M. C. Pilkington (Magdalen) ...	12	1
3. W. B. Stewart (Brasenose)	13	5
4. J. A. Morrison (New)	12	6
5. E. G. Tew (Magdalen)	13	9
6. T. H. Stretch.(New)	12	5
7. W. E. Crum (New)	12	0
C. M. Pitman (New) (stroke) ...	12	1
L. Portman (University) (cox.)...	8	0
Cambridge.		
A. H. Finch (Third Trinity) (bow)	st 11	lb 9
2. N. W. Paine (Third Trinity) ...	11	4
3. Sir C. Ross (Third Trinity)	11	11
4. H. M. Bland (Third Trinity) ...	11	12
5. *L. A. E. Ollivant (First Trinity)	13	6
6. *C. T. Fogg-Elliot (Trinity Hall)	11	12
7. *R. O. Kerrison (Third Trinity)	12	1½
*T. G. Lewis (Third Trinity) (stroke)	12	3
F. C. Begg (Trinity Hall) (cox.)	8	2

*Blues.

On March 2, the Oxford crew rowed the full course and covered the distance in 20min 35sec, remarkably fast time considering a bad tide.

* * *

Steve Farrell, the American sprinter, who is training at Leicester, stands on the 81¼ yards mark for the Sheffield Easter Handicap. In good form Steve should win the day, because he is capable of displaying a good turn of speed when in condition.

HE WON THE WAGER.

An Ohio Man Walks Half a Mile and Shaves Himself in Five Minutes.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

A wager has just been decided at Cleveland, U.S.A., which rather outstrips in a sense our rapid shavers. The "hay-seeds" of that section are rejoicing over a man who, on a small wager, walked half a mile and shaved himself within five minutes. When the wager was made it was expected that Paul Smith would shave himself and then start on his journey, but to the surprise of his friends he lathered his face, then, taking razor in hand, scraped his face as he plodded along, having an attendant to carry the cup and lather brush; he beat time, and won his bet.

TURNED ON WATER FOR GAS.

A St. John's Wood Inebriate tries to Ignite Water.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

We have heard of the gay young man being assisted home and leaving his boots outside the front door and lying down in the hall to sleep; but a St. John's Wood man has eclipsed that record by returning home in an intoxicated condition, and wending his way to the bathroom, he lit a match and mistook the water tap for the gas bracket. His wife, hearing more or less growling, went to the room where her husband was, and noticed his persistent efforts to ignite the water coming from the tap. She assisted her spouse to bed and lectured to him on intemperance on the following morning.

STAGE TALK.

Bob Walter, the young French lady who daily performs the serpentine dance amidst several lions at the Aquarium, and in reference to whom a question was asked in the House of Commons the other day, is the divorced wife of Caran d'Ache, the well-known caricaturist, and one of the leading lights at the Chat Noir. Bob Walter is on the right side of thirty. She is fair, has soft, blue eyes, and is of a very merry and affable disposition. She was born in Kabylia, and has always been very fond of wild animals. She says she does not feel the least nervousness when dancing among the lions.

* * *

The former surprise about lunching at York and dining the same evening at Edinburgh, in which old fogies delighted to describe the progress of the age, is about to be eclipsed by Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Haymarket Company, who have arranged for a morning performance at Birmingham and an evening performance as usual at the Haymarket. This beats anything yet done in the way of theatrical enterprise. At the Birmingham matinée the *Charlatan* will be produced, after which the company will dash across to Rugby and catch the Scotch Express for London, which will enable them to appear at the usual hour upon their own boards. This new form of theatrical "extension" to the provinces will not find many imitators, as the strain is too great and the risks too apparent; but, once in a way, it may be comfortably done.

* * *

The manager of the Standard Theatre, New York, has decided, it is said, to set apart a nursery department at his theatre, so that drama-loving mothers may leave their children, who will be attended to during the progress of the play, and can be claimed afterwards.

* * *

Mr. Steele MacKaye, the well-known American dramatist, died in a Santa Fé train while on his way to San Francisco on February 25. He played Hamlet in London under the late Mr. Tom Taylor's management, and also wrote several plays in collaboration with Tom Taylor and Charles Reade.

* * *

Miss Bessie Bellwood was committed for trial at New York on a charge of assaulting her maid. According to a dispatch, she was subsequently released on bail, the amount being fixed at 300 dols.

* * *

Owing to the success of "Shore Acres," Augustin Daly has cancelled all his engagements for this country during the present season At the end of the "Twelfth Night" run in London, the company will be taken on a tour through Europe, playing in the larger cities of France, Germany, England, &c., in order not to interrupt the run of Mr. Herne's play at the New York house.

It has been settled at last that Augustin Daly will close his London season May 1, and after allowing his company to rest until September 3, will open then in Chicago, in a new play, appearing in New York in November. Mme. Duse will follow him in his London theatre for six weeks, and then Bernhardt for an indefinite run.

* * *

Manager Vernon Dowsett gives the patrons to the Tivoli a varied programme, which is decidedly attractive. The sketch entitled "The Last Shot," founded upon incidents of the Matabele campaign, in which Charles Godfrey appears, is striking, and sure to have a long run. The Kouta-Kouta dance, which

Vita Performs,

represents an improvement over the performance of ancient times. Her costume is fetching, and her every move is the exemplification of grace. Portions of the dance which in olden times bordered on vulgarity are studiously avoided.

* * *

The pantomime season is at an end, and people who are fond of some light amusement will seek pleasure where the comic opera holds sway. "Don Juan" at the Gaiety continues to remain popular, and is well patronised.

PETER MOSS, OF SOUTH LONDON.

Open to Meet any Rapid Shaver in England.

(*With Portrait.*)

"Just put my name down as a contestant for The Mirror of Life championship trophy," said Peter Moss of 256, Camberwell Road, S.E., as he entered the editorial rooms of our journal the other day. "I am 23 years of age, but believe I can shave as rapidly as Rymer, Lloyd, or any of those men who are continually talking about what they can do.

"I am keeping in practice, and when the proper time arrives I'll convince some of the champions they are not the only rapid shavers in the world. Every Friday I scrape the faces of 400 inmates of the Poplar Union Workhouse, and besides I am doing extra work at my own shop every day. I don't call myself a champion, but those who defeat me will know they have been in a shaving contest before they get through with the job.

A PETARD IN THE THEATRE.

A Mischief-maker Frightens an Audience at Piso.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

During a performance at the Teatro Nuoro at Piso, February 25, a petard was thrown into the auditorium through a window behind the stage, and burst with a loud report. The explosion caused considerable excitement among the audience, but no one was injured, nor was any damage done beyond the breaking of a few window-panes. In order to reassure the public and prevent a panic, the conductor directed the orchestra to play the National Anthem and Garibaldi's hymn.

The author of the outrage has not been discovered. The police, however, have arrested a man who is believed to be the perpetrator of the outrage.

SEEN AND HEARD.

BRIDGET: "Indade, mum, I must be lavin' you."

Mistress: "Why, Bridget, what is the matter? What doesn't suit?"

Bridget: "It's me room that's too cowld entirely, mum. Shure I'd die in a week if I lived in it for a month, mum."

* * *

JUDGE LUMLEY SMITH gave his decision, March 2, on the application of the Lyric Theatre Company, for a new trial of the action brought against them by Miss St. Aubyn. Excessive damages, lack of evidence, and a verdict against the weight of the evidence were the grounds for the application, which was refused, but unconditional leave to appeal was granted.

* * *

A HORRIBLE crime has been reported to the police at Havre. A female servant employed at a farmhouse near the village of Etainhus had an illegitimate child, and being desirous of getting rid of it, she conceived the idea of burning it alive. She accordingly deliberately thrust its feet into the fire and held them there until they were burnt off. The child died shortly afterwards.

* * *

THE greater portion of the first stage of the Wembley Tower, which is to be the Tour Eiffel of London, has now been completed, and from the surrounding districts of Harrow, Neasden, and Kingsbury the huge steel legs can be seen, already far above the high ground upon which they are being constructed. Two hundred workmen are engaged in the undertaken, which, especially at this part of the work, entails an enormous amount of labour.

* * *

THE dead body of a young woman has been found in the Thames, off Watson's Wharf, Wapping. It had evidently been in the water about a month, as the face and hands were much decomposed. The description is:—Hair, dark brown; complexion, fair; age about twenty-three years; apparently enceinte; imitation sealskin jacket, black serge dress. On the body was found a goldleaf broach, set with pearls, silver Geneva watch, and gold chain.

* * *

PUBLIC attention is much occupied at Syracuse by a sensational trial just opened, in which a number of persons are charged with luring children away from the orphanage at Modica, and afterwards murdering them in order to obtain possession of the money intended for their maintenance in the orphanage. Some of the victims are alleged to have been strangled, and others drowned, while in a few cases the unfortunate children are stated to have been buried alive.

* * *

SHORTLY before eight o'clock on the morning of February 26, 150 convicts arrived at the Stirlinghill Quarries, near Peterhead, when one of the number, named Watson, suddenly made off. He was observed by one of the civil guards, who fired at the runaway, but missed him. As the convict still continued running, the guard again fired, and this time shot him in the shoulder and brought him down. Watson made an unsuccessful attempt to escape last year.

* * *

THE flight of Rev. Pedr Williams to America was immediately due to the issue of a writ for the repayment of a loan of £400. The money had been lent by Mr. Newell, a Hackney confectioner. Mr. Newell died, and in the course of winding-up the estate his nephew discovered the debt, and after a long correspondence issued a writ for its recovery. A movement is on foot to raise a fund to send Mrs. Williams to America, where it is believed her husband will seek a pulpit.

* * *

WHEN Henry Bowden led the middle-aged Isabella, of Este Road, Battersea, to the altar he was under the impression that he was marrying a widow. Indeed he was personally acquainted with her first husband, and was aware that he died in the infirmary. But Isabella had afterwards married another man named Kitts, and is now charged with bigamy. She does not think she has committed that offence because she was told that Kitts had a wife living when she married him, and that is why she left him. Remanded for inquiries.

* * *

THE last unenviable distinction has been gained by Jabez Balfour. He has gone to join the majority in Madame Tussaud's collection. There may be seen his presentment and image in waxen effigy, with his round chubby face, his inquisitive nose, his cunning beady eyes, his short podgy figure, and, in brief, the man as we know him before he left us. We all hope Jabez will come back again. In the meantime those who yearn for his presence can stay their longing by going to Tussaud's to gaze on the dear familiar features.

* * *

THERE is a little gem in the Dublin correspondence of the current number of the *Granta* anent an experience of Mr. Benson, the Shakesperean comedian. Mr. Benson visited Dublin some months ago, and exerted himself to train a body of stage assistants to represent a flying army. On the night of the performance the flying army refused to be beaten, and severely mauled the victors. Nothing could be found to tame them to a proper submission, till one of the actors said, "Look here, Mr. Benson, if you want us to be beaten you must put Dempsey in the other army."

* * *

A MAN under sentence of death, named Lesteven, committed suicide, February 27, at La Roquette Prison. Lesteven was thirty-four years of age, and was a souteneur, who had terribly injured a number of women at different times by throwing them out of windows. This monster was sentenced to death a fortnight ago, although all his six victims had recovered. Lesteven was taking his walk in the prison courtyard when he escaped from his warders and ran up a staircase leading to a window. There he threw himself out, and put an end to his life.

* * *

AMONG the saloon passengers aboard the *Majestic*, which arrived at Queenstown on February 27 from New York, were Jacob Schaefer and Frank C. Ives, the American champion billiard player. Both came to London, where, it is arranged, they will give exhibitions, after which Schaefer will journey on to Paris. Ives is particularly anxious to get on a match with the English champion, Roberts, and a game between the two may be looked upon as a certainty. Ives purposes making a trip to India on the termination of his English visit, and will be the guest of an Indian prince when he reaches that country.

* * *

PEOPLE always like to go from home to see wonders. We have heard about the dwarfs of the Atlas Mountains, and about the little people which Mr. Stanley met in the Central African forest. But it is not generally known that a family of dwarfs have been living at Applecross, in the west of Ross-shire, for over half a century. Mary Finlayson, one of them, has just died. She was the youngest of the family, and had reached the age of sixty-five. The members of the family vary in height from three feet to three feet and a half. They have, it is said, appeared before the Queen at frequent intervals.

* * *

TEDDY WICK, of quick-shaving celebrity, and his wife have been at loggerheads. The result was that Teddy was charged at Westminster, February 27, with violently assaulting his wife Ellen by cutting her head open with a dinner plate. Mr. Dutton asked the Court to allow Mrs. Wick to withdraw the charge. There was really six of one and half a dozen of the other, and neither party on reflection was desirous of persisting in a course detrimental to the interests of their daughter, who was giving public performances. Mr. De Rutzen adjourned the case for a week, allowing Wick out on his own recognisances.

* * *

MISS EVA EDEN was dancing in "Maid Marian" at the New Theatre, Swansea, in February, 1893, when she tripped and fell. She managed to finish her dance, but the next day she found she was badly injured. She was compelled to walk through her part for a while, and then to cease playing. Her injury proved to be of a permanent character, and as she ascribed her accident to the careless way in which a cloth was laid, she has sued Mr. Melville, the proprietor of the theatre, for damages. Miss Eden, who was carried into court in an invalid chair, gave evidence. The medical testimony was to the effect that Miss Eden would never again be able to follow her profession as a dancer, but she might, under favourable conditions, be restored to health in eighteen months or two years.

* * *

AT the Bicêtre Hospital in Paris, the well-known surgeon, M. Landry, has performed a strange operation on a workman who, while lying in gaol drunk, had both his ears bitten off by another drunkard bordering on a state of delirium tremens. When he came to himself the biter became very penitent, and asked to be taken to the bedside of his victim in order to ask his forgiveness. Dr. Landry, who was there, said, "Should you like to give him back his ears?" "Certainly," said the man. "Then," said the doctor, "let me cut a couple of small slips of flesh from your arm, and it can be done." The man consented, and the doctor did as he had suggested. The pieces of flesh he shaped as well as he could to the likeness of a pair of ears, and joined them to the wounded places. According to the latest account, the operation has been a complete success.

* * *

THE description of the fortitude with which Mr. Bret Harte has remained a bachelor despite his "widowerhood," which appeared in the current number of an English magazine, must have been interesting reading in Plainfield, N. J., U.S.A. The article was written in the familiar vein which English interviewers affect, and the writer, who posed as a close friend of Mr. Harte, insisted upon calling him a widower. Mrs. Bret Harte lives in Plainfield, and is in excellent health. She is a handsome woman of dignified presence, and she has kept her children with her during Mr. Harte's fifteen years' absence from his family. There are two girls, one of whom is of striking beauty, and two sons, who have done much to contribute to their mother's support. It is said that Mrs. Harte and the two daughters will go to London this year for the purpose of visiting the father of the family, whom none of them has seen in so many years.

* * *

COPIES of a photograph of Bourdin in his funeral shrouds, but exposing the mutilated limb, have found their way into the hands of a firm of West-end photographers, who are duplicating them in great numbers. Strange to say, there has been a considerable demand for them, as well as for a memorial card, of which the following is a copy:—"In loving memory of Martial Bourdin, who was killed by the bursting of a bomb in Greenwich Park on February 15th, 1894. Aged 26 years. Interred in St. Pancras Cemetery, Finchley. Grave No. 29 in 9——:

"Spurning the name of a slave,
Fearless of gaol or of grave,
Fighting for freedom, he gave
His life in the Revolution.

"Time shall not rob him of fame;
Hating the tyrant—and game
In the spirit that rings in his name—
He died for the Revolution."

* * *

MADAME PATEY is dead. She was taken ill at her farewell concert at Sheffield, February 27. As she was leaving the platform she fainted and remained utterly prostrate all the rest of the evening, being under the care of two doctors. She had reached the seventh week of her farewell tour through the provinces, and her reception at Sheffield was most enthusiastic. After singing one of her favourite airs she was twice recalled, and it was remarked that she still bore evidence of what she had been at her best, some of her lower notes being very fine. The double recall not sufficing, she stilled the applause by giving "The Banks of Allan Water." She was to have appeared again later in the evening, but Mr. Vert announced that owing to sudden indisposition she could not sing, and Dr. Knight, who was summoned from the balcony to attend her, found her in a complete state of collapse, to which she succumbed in the early hours of the morning at the Royal Victoria Hotel. The cause of death was apoplexy.

A HAIR PULLING MATCH.

An Imitator of Paderewski Comes to Grief after Meeting his Rival.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A HAIR PULLING MATCH between two men took place at a West-end resort the other evening. The contestants, Gerald Gladdy and Carroll Tompkins, both pride themselves on their hair, and when Paderewski gave concerts in London both attended, and have since become changed men, cultivating crops of hair which would make the distinguished pianist envious. Nature has been generous to Gladdy in the way of hair, and every remedy available for the hair found in Gladdy a purchaser. Gladdy and Tompkins have been chaffing each other for a long time about the strength of their hair, and when Tompkins challenged Gladdy to a contest he accepted, and the other evening both adjourned to a West-end resort to decide the contest. On time being called, a rush was made by the men, Gladdy slugging his opponent several times before spectators could interfere. Finally the men were parted, and then Gladdy grasped a handful of wool and commenced to dance like a jumping Jack. Tompkins made futile efforts to retaliate, and was dragged all over the floor till finally he was forced to yield.

On going home Tompkins was a downcast man, and failed to be communicative with his better half. She, however, learned of the contest when about the following day, and waiting till her spouse returned in the evening she quietly secured a rope and tied him to his chair. Tompkins then figured in a hair pulling match which he will ever remember. His wife tore at his hair till she made him fairly howl with agony. He visited the hair dresser the following day, and now Tompkins displays no desire to imitate Paderewski, but declares he will wear a close crop in future.

COVENT GARDEN FANCY DRESS BALL.

THE Covent Garden Carnival took place February 28, and attracted a large crowd to the Covent Garden Theatre, which was prettily decorated throughout. Some of the costumes worn were unique and expensive: amongst them a lady attired to represent a wedding cake, a Watteau shepherdess, in sky-blue satin, a Venetian pierrot, a Zulu warrior party with a modern mashee, a dashing harlequina in red, black, and yellow, a dainty Scottish lassie in white, enhanced by azure thistles, a feminine choir boy in cotta and cassock, a braw Highlander in Rob Roy tartan, with an incandescent nose and the suggestive label "Good Old Scotch." Many ladies wore masks, which, if they concealed their facial charms, at least added to the piquancy of their appearance, and possibly to the interest in their proceedings. A gentleman representing a compendium of games, having a chess-board duly set out with men on his head, a draught-board on the small of his back, and a displayed hand of cards on each coat-tail, may be commended for ingenuity. Lord Salisbury, magnificently made up in face and figure, had apparently further made up his mind to forget all about Mr. Gladstone's resignation; and the Duke of York, in full naval uniform, appeared equally oblivious of his charming consort. Mr. Albert Chevalier was also honoured by that imitation which is the sincerest form of flattery by a gentleman who had borrowed, not only his "pearlies," but his facial expression. A splendid vivandiere of the *grande armée* also deserves note amongst those standing up for the opening polka. The usual parade for the six-and-twenty handsome prizes duly took place, with the usual result of glee on the part of their recipients, and heartburning on that of those who failed to obtain any reward for inventive ingenuity in the matter of costume.

A CLERGYMAN'S WESTERN EXPERIENCE.

His Functions in the Western Part of the States Odious Ones.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE functions of clergymen in America appear to be even more extensive and exhausting than those of their brethren on this side of the Atlantic. A New York exchange tells an anecdote of a colloquy between two old college class-mates, one of them a clergyman, ten years after graduation. They were comparing notes about intellectual growth and their opportunities for it, and the clergyman said grimly:—"You will see at once how much wiser I am than in college, when I tell you that I have since gone to two or three hundred afternoon teas, have played five hundred sets of tennis with the daughters of my parishioners, have attended many scores of receptions, and gossiped three hours on an average at each, have presided at a thousand or two meetings of trustees and boards, circulated a couple of hundred subscription papers, and built three churches, two chapels, and a rectory. I need only add," he concluded, "that in my church the Wild Western sign, 'Don't shoot the organist, for he is doing his best,' has been transferred from the organ-loft to the pulpit Occasionally I do a little missionary work by preaching in the taverns in outlying districts. A curious incident occurred recently in one of my bar-room sermons. I was interrupted by a miner who requested me not

To Call on Strangers,

because Christ had been dead many years, and his motto was to have the dead rest. His gun was prominent at his side, and there is no telling but that he might have cut up badly had not his pals hauled him back."

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CARRIED BODILY OFF THE FLOOR.
A Scene at the Arion Ball in New York City.

A CLERGYMAN'S WESTERN EXPERIENCE.
His Functions in the Western Part of the States Odious Ones.

BEATEN INSENSIBLE.

White Cap Outrages in America.

OBJECTED TO COMPETITION.

Chinese Laundrymen Object to Competition and Get Roughly Dealt With.

AROUND THE RING.

Valentine Whips Hyams.

Purses for Corbett and Jackson.

Creedon and Moore Fight a Draw.

National Sporting Club's Competition.

Burge and Tracey Party Unable to Agree to Terms.

Abbott Scores a Win in America.

(With Portrait of Valentine.)

The twelve-round contest between Arthur Valentine and Barney Hyams was brought to a decision at the Raglan Music Hall February 26. Both men were in good condition, Valentine being a favourite at 5 to 4 in the betting. Four-ounce gloves were used. In the opening round Hyams quickly tried his left at the face, but the intended compliment was stopped. Missing a second time, he tried the right and landed on the side of the head and after Arthur had retaliated on the nose Hyams planted the left on the mark. During the second round, Hyams forced the fighting and got in some effective blows, and showed a slight advantage. He was the aggressor the following round and narrowly escaped a heavy blow from Valentine. The latter pulled himself together, and some heavy two-handed work followed before he stepped back and three times sent his left straight on the dial. Hyams would not be choked off, until just on the call of time, Valentine sent him down with a heavy right-hand delivery on the ear. At the call of time for the fourth round Hyams went at his man and they exchanged blows at a rapid pace, both doing execution on the face and neck. Valentine then fought his man on to the ropes, and tried very hard to put an end to the business, but Hyams cleverly got out of danger, and made an effort with his right. This did not reach the spot desired, and Valentine rushing in, knocked his adversary over with the same weapon, and time was called directly Barney got on his feet. Both were cautious in the fifth round, and after more or less feinting Hyams led. Valentine stopped him, and sending the left home with force three times, without receiving any return. Hyams then visited the nose, but missed with the right he was receiver-general in some warm countering. Valentine twice brought Hyams to the floor with right deliveries on the side of the head. The latter recovered himself, and gamely faced the foe, but a third blow from Arthur's right reached the point, and Barney, going down all of a heap, was unable to rise in the stipulated ten seconds, and Valentine was declared the winner.

George Winters and Bill Pegram faced each other for an eight-round bout, which was characterised with lively exchanges. Winters did the most effective work, and having an advantage at the end of the eighth round, he was given the award.

* * *

The Corbett-Jackson fight is still an unsettled question, and as the time drifts along indications brighten for the match to be decided in this country. There are many places in the States where fabulous purses could be had, but the prejudice is too strong on the part of the authorities to countenance the affairs. Offers by syndicates keep pouring in from different sections and as high as £10,000 has been guaranteed, but the guarantors are not sure that they can bring the battle to a successful issue. The men will not accept any offer made in the States unless protection after the match is pledged. The sports of Muskegon, Michigan, have subscribed a 50,000-dollar purse in hopes of bringing the fight to that city, whilst there is a strong movement at Sandusky, Ohio, looking towards the securing of the fight. Johnson's Island, located in Lake Erie, a few miles from the city, is the site selected, Sandusky capitalists arguing that as the State of Ohio has no navy, Gov. McKinley and the Sheriff of Ottawa county would be unable to prevent the mill. It is in serious contemplation to raise 100,000 dols, and endeavour to secure the fight for Johnson's Island, one brewer offering, it is said, to put up half the amount. The next week will probably develop something important in the matter, and we hope it may favour this side of the Atlantic.

* * *

Good judges of fighting men in this country are of opinion that Peter Jackson fit and well will come pretty near taking down Corbett's number when they come together. Many reports have been circulated during the past six months, that the dusky warrior had seen his best day, and was physically incapacitated from engaging in any ring encounter. We are pleased to say, however, that the reports are erroneous, and Peter to-day is a much healthier man than when he fought Corbett in San Francisco. "Parson" Davies writes us that he brings his tour of the States to a close on March 18, and two days latter he will start Peter into preliminary work, that the gentleman of colour may get himself in the best possible condition. The Corbett faction regard the match as a mere "cake walk" for their man, but in order to convince the people here that such will be the termination, it will be necessary for Corbett to make a display of boxing ability such as has never before been seen in this country. When Jackson was to meet Frank Slavin, the latter was a decided favourite, and the public were all Slavin to a man. Before the first round was over those who were fortunate enough to witness the struggle were appalled at what they saw. Slavin was never in the "hunt," and Jackson with his cleverness pulled off an easy victory.

It would appear that Jackson intends taking plenty of time to get himself in shape, and counts on a fight some time in June, according to the original match made. Corbett will be here in April, and judging from the programme laid out, his exhibitions will carry him up to mid-summer. Either he anticipates fighting in the fall of the year, or else he proposes showing up to the time set for the contest, and contemplates having it occur in London. The stake-money amounts to £4,000, and with an added purse of £3,000 more, the winner will carry off a good-sized sum of money.

* * *

In the States great rivalry exists as to who is the best middle-weight, bar Bob Fitzsimmons; Dan Creedon and Dick Moore have both claimed the honours, and it has generally been conceded that with lanky Bob barred, the best of the two could easily vanquish any other middle-weight in the world. A match to box ten rounds was therefore arranged between Creedon and Moore, which took place at the Casino building in Boston, February 27, the winner to take the entire receipts. It was an evenly-contested battle throughout, Moore displaying form which surprised his most ardent admirers. At the close of the tenth round the match was an even one, and the referee, Jim Colville, declared it a draw. Moore is a Tipperary man, being but twenty-four years of age. He stands 5ft 9in, and scales in condition 11st 4lb. He began boxing five years ago in the Western part of the States, and during his career he has beaten Jack Killy, 2 rounds; Charley Osborne, 2 rounds; Paddy Dunn, 1 round; Prof. Peasley, 3 rounds; Paddy Welch, 2 rounds; Tom Murray, 10 rounds; Larry Brown, 7 rounds; Jack Riffles, 2 rounds; Blondy Eck, 2 rounds; Jim Griffin, 3 rounds; Jack Stanley, 2 rounds; Paddy Cummings, 17 rounds; Willey Evans, 13 rounds; Henry Baker, 7 rounds; Joe Tangay, 7 rounds; Jim Crowbey, 5 rounds; Barney Taylor, 2 rounds; Jack Kelley, 3 rounds; Jack Stanley, 1 round; Ned Golden, 2 rounds; Jack Smith, 2 rounds; George Myer, 3 rounds; Hen Jackson, 3 rounds; Jim Fitzpatrick, 2 rounds; Tom Murray, 10 rounds; Shadow Maber, 20 rounds; George Kessler, 2 rounds; Martin Costello, 20 rounds. He has been beaten in his early career by Charley Johnson, 13 rounds; Henry Baker, 16 rounds.

* * *

To vary the monotony of twenty-round glove contests and becoming disgusted with the outcome of two matches which were arranged to occur at the National Sporting Club, manager John Fleming gave the members a treat, February 26, in the shape of a 9st 6lb competition open to all. The entry list was limited, and Mr. Fleming selected the most eligible eight men. The first pair were F. Young, of Poplar, and Connie Colin, of Lambeth. The latter, served by his extra reach, did very well for the first two minutes, but Young shook his man in the last few seconds with a thump on the jaw. Coming up again, Young dropped his man with the right, and beat him in the first minute of the second round. Bill Eyles, of Islington, and Bill McGrath, of Bow, were drawn for the second bout. Eyles cut out the work at a great pace, and just before the end of the opening round McGrath went to the boards like a shot from the effects of a heavy right-hander. During the minute's rest the Bow youth recovered in remarkable fashion, and disputed every point from here to the finish. A better show than the men gave has seldom been seen in the club, Eyles securing the verdict. For bout three Jack Harland, of Marylebone, and Darkey Birwicke, of Shoreditch, were paired off. The latter countered in good style, but Harland would not be denied, and, boring in, he rained blows on head and body. Eventually Berwicke had to give way before the determined attack of Harland, who put his man out of court just before the expiration of the first bout. Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, and A. Greenbank of Cranford, contested the last of the preliminary bouts. Half way through the second Callan knocked his man off his legs, but Greenbank scrambled up just in time to avoid being counted out. In the last minute Callan dealt out a lot of punishment, and the points were in his favour as they went to their corners. Coming up again Greenbank, though somewhat distressed, gave his man a lot of trouble. Callan tired somewhat in the final minute, but he never lost his lead, and won. In the second round of trial bouts Eyles defeated Young, and Callan disposed of Harland; this left Eyles and Callan to decide the ownership of first money.

Eyles was very slippery, and Callan hardly seemed to know what to do with his opponent, who popped in one, two, and adroitly got out of danger. Coming up for the second time Callan rushed in with both hands. Heavy in-fighting ensued, but Eyles was the master, both at this and at long range. The third round was contested in the same stubborn fashion. Callan fought like a tiger, but, though he had a trifle the best of the business in the last minute, he failed to get on terms with Eyles, who gained the verdict. E. Stanton and Spikey Kilham fought through six rounds, which were well contested and of an interesting nature. Stanton established his superiority, and was declared the winner.

* * *

Joe Harris and Arthur Levinson, the Australian bookmakers, met Dick Burge and his backer George Drake in London, February 26, to talk over a match between Tom Tracey, the Australian, now in the States, and Burge at 10st, for £1,000 aside and the best purse obtainable. Harris and Levinson stated that Tracey would not fight anywhere in England outside of the National Sporting Club, and as that organisation placed a limit of twenty rounds on all battles, it would have to be agreed upon that if both men finished through the stipulated number of rounds, the match would have to result in a draw. Burge's backer, Mr. Drake, declined to enter into such an agreement, and suggested that the referee give the award to the man having the best of it at the end of the twentieth round. As Tracey is managed by Col. J. D. Hopkins in New York, in the absence of that gentleman Harris and Levinson were powerless to enter into such an arrangement. They, however, cabled to Mr. Hopkins and also wrote him in detail regarding the meeting, fully explaining the rules of the National Sporting Club. Should he send a favourable reply, the Australians will renew negotiations for the Burge match; in the meantime, matters will have to remain at a standstill in that direction.

Unable to make arrangements with the Tracey party, Burge at once arranged with Harry Nickless for a match to box twenty rounds or more with four-ounce gloves, Queensberry rules, on Monday, May 7, under the auspices of a club offering the best purse, for £200 a-side. The articles stipulate that the men are to weigh in at the ring-side, and the man exceeding the weight shall forfeit, but they fail to state what weight they shall fight at. It is probably at 10st, but according to the construction of the articles signed and the money posted either one could appear at catch-weight and demand of the other a fight.

Doubtless the question of weight is an oversight on the part of the man who constructed the articles, and to have matters pass off harmoniously Burge and Nickless should meet again and have the weight clause inserted.

* * *

At a benefit tendered to Jem Stevens, at the Excelsior Baths, Bethnal Green, on February 27, three six and one ten-rounds contests were brought to a decision. The six-round contests were boxed through, and resulted in C. Harrison defeating J. Lewis, Jem Burrows beating Bill Sayles, and Jack Gray lowering the colours of Bill Bailey. The ten rounds match was between Bill Donoghue and Bill Jordan. Both were wild in deliveries. The second round was well contested, each lad boxing in steadier fashion, and there was but little to choose between them in the third round till near the finish, when Jordan got hit pretty hard on the mark and gave in. Donoghue got the award.

* * *

A. Chard, of Hoxton, cried quits in the second round of an eight-round contest with Alf Kilby, of Hackney, at the Central Baths Gymnasium, February 26, for a purse.

At the Kilburn Gymnasium and Athletic Institute, February 26, manager Ned Flynn promoted two eight-round contests for purses. In the first one Jem Styles and Alf Smith both went through the stipulated number of rounds, but as Styles displayed the more cleverness he secured a lead which resulted in his gaining the award. Bandy Chambers and Joe Manders disputed the ownership of the purse in the second battle. Manders found they were coming too warm for him, and in the fifth round he gracefully bowed down to Chambers, who got the purse.

The following evening W. Cook, a well-known boxer, was given a benefit at the same place. In a twelve round match Bill Davis out-pointed Sam Carter and secured the verdict. W. Cook and Harry Williams were to contend six rounds. The former floored his man any number of times in the second and third rounds, but Williams boxed very gamely until the fourth round, when a stiff blow on the jaw sent him to the boards, and being counted out Cook was hailed the winner.

* * *

Bob Fitzsimmons, Middle-weight Champion of the World, says:—"I hate to say very much about Corbett just now. I will wait until he is through with Jackson. He says I lack nerve, does he? Well, we will see who is at fault in this direction sooner or later. He has repeatedly told me to fight some good heavy weight before I challenged him. Didn't I have the nerve to fight Peter Maher? Doesn't he remember when he refused to tackle Maher when asked by Billy Madden? He told Maher to go and get a reputation first.

"I think I can lick Corbett, and, like any professional fighter who has worked hard for his reputation, I only ask for the opportunity. If I am whipped I will take off my cap to him and go back to my trade, blacksmithing. I am not boasting, but I speak earnestly when I say that I would like to get a try at the champion in a room with communication from the outside world shut off, I'll fight him that way under any rules. I'll meet him for money or for fun, just as it may strike his fancy."

* * *

Con Riordan, Peter Jackson's former sparring partner, in speaking of Jackson's chances against Corbett, said, "Idon't think Jackson as good a man to-day as he used to be a few years ago. I believe Corbett will beat him inside of twenty rounds. Jackson has gone back considerably, and cannot hit as hard as he used to. His left-hand body blow might hurt Corbett somewhat, though, I think."

* * *

A benefit was tendered to Bill Moore, the well known light weight, at the Goodwin Gymnasium, Kingsland Road, February 27, when a six, ten, and twelve rounds contests were decided, also an 8st competition. Sam Spencer and C. Meacock disputed honours in the final bout of the competition, and fought three scrambling rounds, which were in favour of Spencer, who got the award. Dave Gough, of Islington, outpointed Jack Hicks, of Hoxton, in the six-rounds battle, whilst Alvin Soli, of Kingsland, compelled W. Maypole, of Edmonton, to hold out his hand in middle of the sixth round of the ten-rounds meeting. Tom Pickard, of Hoxton, and A. Buckingham, of Bloomsbury, met in the twelve rounds, which were pretty evenly contested. Buckingham, however, displayed the more cleverness and secured the decision.

* * *

The cases against the Columbian Athletic Club will be tried at Lafayette, Ind., the week beginning April 16. There are twenty-nine cases of "riotous conspiracy" against the defendants who participated in contests in the Columbian Association's arena, and there are said to be good grounds for the belief that all will appear for trial except Martin Costello, who was recently convicted and afterwards forfeited his bond of 4,000 dols. by crossing over to Canada. Costello has returned, and his bondsman hopes to save forfeiture.

* * *

Three ten-round bouts were the attraction at Amersham Hall, New Cross, February 27. In the first Bill Perry and Joe Harding went through the required number of rounds. The judges decided that Perry had the best of the battle and gave him the verdict. Andrew Perry and Jack Fudge were the second couple to meet. Perry concluded that he should make short work of his opponent, and flopped Fudge down three times with right-handers. On the last knock-down, Fudge failed to respond with the required ten seconds, and Perry "scooped" the purse. Bill Eyles and George Firmin finished through ten rounds, and the judges believed Eyles to have the best of it, and gave the decision in accordance with their opinion.

* * *

Manager John Fleming has arranged for the following entertainments for March. On the 9th there will be a house dinner and smoking concert, some of the best talent being engaged to perform. On Monday, the 12th, Ted Fenton and Jack Loader box the best of twenty rounds, and the week following the semi-finals and

finals of the Brigade of Guards' heavy, middle, and light-weight competitions will be decided.

* * *

The eight-round glove contest for a purse of 650 dols. between Stanton Abbott, the well-known English light-weight, and Harry Gilmore, took place at Chicago, U.S.A., February 28. The American was knocked out in the fifth round with a blow from Abbott's left, which caught him squarely on the jaw and felled him full length. Only the quick rising and falling of his chest as he breathed indicated that Gilmore was still alive. He revived, however, with the application of cold water. Abbott's friends wished to carry him from the ring immediately on his obtaining the victory, but he insisted on remaining until Gilmore had recovered. Abbott had the best of the fight all through.

* * *

Replying to an offer Dixon made recently to box Plimmer four rounds, Wilson, acting for Plimmer, agrees to a meeting, conceding everything Dixon demanded. The men are to weigh 8st 11lb. The contest will take place at Madison Square Gardens, New York City, on March 21. Wilson has deposited 500dols. for Plimmer. O'Rourke, Dixon's manager, seems very unwilling to carry out the arrangement, and when seen at Newark, New Jersey, March 1, declined to say what would be done. The impression his visitor received was that O'Rourke was afraid.

* * *

A telegram from Jacksonville, Florida, says the trial of James Corbett for taking part in "a brutal prize fight" took place February 28. The Sheriff and several other witnesses testified that the fight was not a brutal one, and the Court gave its decision acquitting the accused.

* * *

Jimmy Lynch, an 8st 10lb pugilist, knocked out Jemmy Grey in three rounds, with small gloves, at Paterson, New Jersey, Feb. 20, for a purse of £30.

* * *

The Stanhope B.C. Annual Boxing Competitions, confined to amateurs, were decided February 27 at Store Street Hall, Tottenham Court Road. In the 8st 6lb W. Penney, Stanhope B.C., and A. Course Vandon B.C., met in the final. Within two minutes of the start the Vandon boxer, in breaking away from a rally, caught Brewer a right-hander on the jaw which sent him to the boards, and though the Polytechnic man got up within the stipulated time he preferred to shake hands rather than go on with the contest, Course being thus hailed the victor.

F. Curtis, Stanhope B.C., and J. Francis, a club mate, were paired off in the final of the 9st 6lb competition. In the opening round Curtis found his master in Francis, who had much the best of matters, and sent his rival to the boards half-way through. Curtis was soon up again, and in the second round, which again was of a most scrambling nature, honours were about even. In the last Curtis, in "hurricane" style, did just enough work to entitle him to the verdict. The final of the 10st 6lb was contested by E. Dettmar, Stanhope B.C., and A. V. Jones. The latter for the first half-minute sparred very pluckily, but at the end of sixty seconds Dettmar had set himself going to such an extent that Jones wisely gave in.

* * *

J. Halliwell, of Camberwell, and Bill Nelson, of Battersea, engaged in a ten-round contest of two minutes to a round, at the Lambeth School of Arms, February 24, for a purse. In the third round Nelson got his man a bit groggy, but Halliwell recovered in the following round and floored Nelson. Halliwell slipped down in the fifth encounter, but quickly getting up he had the best of the exchange, and in the sixth round, after knocking Nelson down with a blow on the mark, he gained a well-deserved win, Nelson being counted out.

* * *

Harry Bagley and Fred Harrell were to contest ten rounds, but Bagley made it so warm for his opponent that Harrell held out his hand as a token of defeat in the third round.

* * *

A right-hander on the jaw in round four induced G. Clark to retire from a six-round contest with Tom Berry at Bill Lee's Bermondsey School of Arms, February 24.

* * *

The Queen's Westminster R.V. Boxing and gymnastic competitions were decided on March 1. In the boxing Private Gilling beat Private Smith in the 10st 4lb competition, final bout; Private Slocombe won the final of the 9st 4lb over Private Wray in the final, and the final of the catch-weights was captured by Corporal Glover over Private Neville.

* * *

About 175 citizens of El Paso, Texas, went on a special train just across the New Mexico line on February 18, to witness the prize fight between Billy Smith, of Australia, and Dave Flaherty, of Portland, for a purse of 500dols. Flaherty was the heavier man, but Smith was the more scientific. Smith knocked Flaherty out in the thirty-second round with a right-hand punch on the jaw. The battle was fought with skin gloves.

* * *

At Jacksonville, Florida, March 2, the case against Charles Mitchell, charged with being a principal in a prize fight with James J. Corbett, was *nolle prossed* by the district attorney.

* * *

The appearance of Dick Burge and Mick Dunn, the Australian pugilists, at the Kennington Social Club was the means of mustering together a large crowd at those rooms, March 2. Four six-round contests were brought to a decision. The first between Fred Johnson and Bill Baxter was well contested during the six rounds, Johnson was by far the fresher of the two, and displayed a decided advantage at the finish, and was therefore given the award. In the second match, Mick Dunn, the Australian, faced J. Welland, who was by far the bigger and heavier man. Dunn had decidedly the best of it for the first two rounds, but the superior weight of Welland soon became manifest, and he gradually reversed matters. At the end of the sixth round the match was a close one; the judges, however, believed Welland to have the advantage, and rendered a decision in his favour. Ted Rich met Albert Pearce, a coloured scrapper, for a six-round bout. In the first round the black was knocked down with a right-hand blow on the jaw. He was flopped down in round two, and in the middle of the third round Rich brought Pearce down with a hot one, and as the black man failed to respond within the prescribed ten seconds he was counted out. Ted Burchell, hog fat and all out of condition, faced Jem Burge, who was much the lighter of the two, and in very good condition. Four rounds were sufficient for the Englishman, who appeared wild in his deliveries, and when he did land his blows were ineffectual. Burge done some clean hitting, and pounded Burchell till the latter fell off weak and retired in the fourth round.

* * *

Publishing the life of Hon. John Morrissey brings to mind some of the olden times amongst the Fancy in the States. Yankee Sullivan was at one time the greatest fighter that ever "shied a castor" in the squared circle. His best weight was about 11 st., but he barred no one that could draw the breath of life. He was the undisputed champion of America at all weights above 11 stone. When Tom Hyer cropped up he soon sought a match with Yankee, and, belonging to a rival faction, rough fights between the toughs who followed the respective men were frequent occurrences. On one occasion Yankee mauled about one of the Hyer faction, and was not slow to inform the beaten man to send his leader for a similar dose of the same medicine. It was not very many days after that when Sullivan had entered a café on Broadway, to indulge in breakfast, when who should enter but Hyer. Going over to where Sullivan sat, Hyer informed him that just as soon as Yankee finished the meal he would come in for a good thrashing. Hyer waited for Yankee to get through, which was fully three hours from the time he had served him with the notice. If ever a man dwelled over a meal it was Sullivan, who was endeavouring to tire out his man, but it failed to work, and when patience rewarded Hyer with the opportunity, he gave the plucky little fellow a dressing down which he ever remembered. Before Hyer came to the front as a pugilist, Yankee always made it a boast that he possessed the ability to whip any man, and if the man was too big to walk they could bring him to the ringside in a waggon.

CRUELTIES IN A RUSSIAN PRISON.

Rumours of the unsatisfactory state of the convict prison of Onor, on the island of Sakhalien, having reached St. Petersburg, a Government commission was instituted to inquire into the matter. The report reveals a terrible tale. Instances without number are recorded of merciless beatings, and lopping off of fingers and arms by sabre cuts, whilst cannibalism under stress of famine was a common occurrence, murder followed by cannibalism being also frequently committed with the sole object of putting an end to the misery of existence at Onor. Instances are also related where several convicts disputed before the authorities for the guilt of a murder. In 1893 a band of convicts was handed over to an inspector who could neither read nor write, to construct a road from Onor to Rykovskaya. If any convict failed in his work, he was at once put on half-rations the next day, followed by a third of rations, and when he could work no more the inspector finished him with a revolver bullet, and entered his death in the books as from disease. The principal author and encourager of all these atrocities is the convict Rhakoff, who is a favourite of the commandant of the district, and has been made inspector-general. He has lately been recommended for good service, and he and all his colleagues have succeeded hitherto in keeping their misdeeds secret from the world.

FOND OF A BIT OF SPORT.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was in the habit of travelling about incognito, accompanied only by one of his generals, in the diligence. On one of these occasions they were told on arriving at a postal station that the next piece of road was so bad the diligence would take quite three hours to reach the town, but if they liked to walk through the woods they would get there in half that time. As the weather was fine and the path through the woods was said to be a very good one, the Emperor and the general set off on foot. By and by they came suddenly to a rapid river, but they could see no bridge. A peasant happened to come by, and the Czar asked him where the bridge was.

"There is none," said the peasant.

"Then, is there no way across?"

"No; only through the water!"

"Well, I'll give you 10 roubles if you'll carry me over."

The peasant immediately took the Czar on his shoulders and in a few minutes landed him on the opposite shore.

"Now, 10 roubles more to bring my friend over."

The peasant waded back, took the general on his shoulders and started with him. When they got to the middle the Emperor called out:

"I'll give you 20 roubles to drop him into the water!"

In a moment the general was splashing in the river.

"A hundred roubles to carry me on," gasped the general.

The peasant picked him up again, but had not gone three steps before the Emperor shouted:

"Two hundred roubles to throw him in again!"

The peasant stood still in perplexity.

"Five hundred roubles to carry me to the bank!"

"Eight hundred roubles to drop him!"

The peasant began to slip the general off his back, but the general clutched him tightly and cried:

"A thousand roubles—— —— —— you! to put me on the bank!"

The Emperor was laughing too much to say any more, the general was put on shore, and the two, guided by the peasant, reached the town. After they had lunched, the general made up his official imperial accounts. In them were these items:

"To carrying his Majesty over the river, 10 roubles; to carrying General A., under difficulties graciously created by his Majesty, 1,000 roubles."

A MISER DIES IN FILTH.

A miser of the story book type died recently in Auxerre, France. Although he never had wife or children, he was known to all persons in the city as Papa Fleutelot. He had been a public figure for a generation, and could be seen daily, in storm or sunshine, tottering in his rags through the streets to gather odd bits of coal and wood and cigar-stumps. When he began his work in the city there were the usual rumours that he was rich and miserly, but they were soon dispelled by the abject filth and want in which he lived, and by his importunity in begging.

Papa Fleutelot died in his 85th year, and was buried in the Potter's Field. The French police, who suspect everything, still suspected the old man's pretences of poverty, despite the recent shifting of public opinion, and they searched the hut in which he had lived and died. Filth was ankle deep up stairs, and knee deep in the cellar. The first search was rewarded only with the discovery of 400 bottles of Bordeaux, vintage of 1790. The second search, however, revealed a hole in the cellar wall, behind a pile of indescribable dirt. From this hole the police dragged a chest, and in the chest they found the treasure. From top to bottom it was stuffed full with mortgages, Government bonds, shares in stock companies, and title deeds. All showed the keenness of Papa Fleutelot in investing his savings, for without exception the securities were of the highest class. Their face value was 1,000,000 francs, but, as many of the bonds and stocks are above par, they can be sold for a much larger sum.

For more than eleven years the old man had neglected to clip his coupons. He had let them accumulate until they represented a market value of 140,000 francs.

Among the many pieces of real estate whose ownership was revealed by the contents of the chest is a large tract of land near Villeneuve-sur-Yonne. On this land there are 400 acres of fine forest and several buildings of the ancient indestructible make. It had been more than forty years since anybody at Villeneuve knew who owned the estate. When Papa Fleutelot died in his hovel but twenty centimes, or less than three-pence, was his total cash capital. As was expected, the usual number of heirs have appeared since the old man's body was buried in the Potter's Field. They affect to believe that still more treasure is concealed in his hut, and they are taking it down piece by piece in the hope of enriching themselves.

IT WAS PLEASURE FOR HIM.

A New Jersey Canine Fascinated with Tobogganing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The pleasure seekers of Orange, New Jersey, U.S.A., are proud of the fact that they have a Newfoundland dog who delights in tobogganing. After the first heavy fall of snow the "boys" put the dog on a toboggan and cast him down the hill-side. It made the dog act peculiar, but on men and women indulging in the sport the dog rather displayed a tendency to like it too, and now he is a regular attendant to the hill every evening, and is delighted when allowed a slide down hill on a toboggan.

A MURDERER GETS LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

Marpeaux, the burglar and anarchist, who was tried for housebreaking and robbery, was brought before the Assize Court at Paris, February 27, on the charge of stabbing Detective Colson to death. The Presiding Judge briefly went through the prisoner's career, and showed how he had changed from a diligent workman into a criminal who lived by plunder. Marpeaux—according to the Judge—turned his hands to many things in the thieving line. He "burgled" houses and bicycle-shops, and did not think it beneath him to steal vegetables growing in kitchen-gardens round the city. Everything, in fact, was fish to his net; and he varied these dishonest occupations by attending revolutionary meetings, distributing or posting seditious placards, clearing away promptly from his lodgings when the rent was due, and helping other persons to do the same. When the Judge came to the attack on the detective, Marpeaux interrupted him and denied that he had stabbed Colson. It was somebody else who did the deed. The Judge: "No! You stabbed the detective and you were identified by him at the police station before he died. Moreover, the other detective, Froger, saw you throw a knife away." To this the prisoner replied that he was the victim of a mistake, and that, if he had stood his ground instead of running away, nobody could have charged him with the deed. Detective Froger being called said that he was positive that Marpeaux was the person who stabbed Colson. Maître Demange, who defended the prisoner, made some protests against this evidence, as there was a report submitted to the police giving a description of a little, fair-haired man who was suspected of having stabbed the detective. After the speeches for the prosecution and defence, the jurors retired, and on their return to court said that they had found the prisoner "Guilty of premeditated murder, but they accorded extenuating circumstances." Marpeaux was then condemned to penal servitude for life.

HER CURIOSITY WAS GRATIFIED.

When he went home the other evening he laid his overcoat down in the hall, and there his wife found it, and availing herself of her privileges she went through the pockets and came out with a small box. She gazed at it a minute, and went after him.

"Here," she exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

"My dear—" he began.

"Don't 'my dear' me," she raved. "What I want to know is what you are carrying this box marked 'Ribbon for the type-writer' for?"

He began to explain again.

"Don't talk to me," she screamed, "I know all. You've got this gewgaw for that hussy of a typewriter in your office, and will no doubt give it to her to wear at some of her society affairs, and you'll probably be trying to slip out some evening to see her there; but you shan't do it, for I'll go down in the morning and settle her once for all, so I will," and she began to sob.

He took it out of her hands and opened it.

"Look at it, my dear," he said, with a tender smile.

She made a wild grab for it, and as the inky string left its imprint on her face and hands collapsed and forgave him.

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A HAIR-PULLING MATCH.

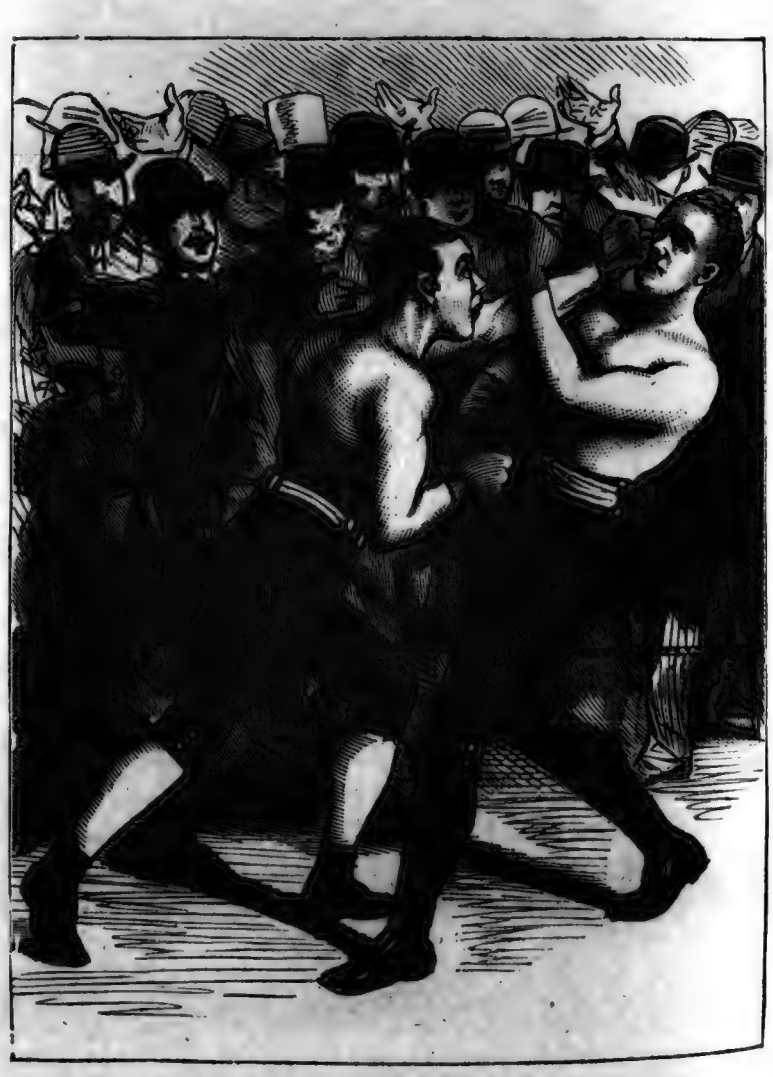
An Imitator of Paderewski Comes to Grief after Meeting his Rival.

DETECTED SMUGGLING LIQUOR.

A Convict got his Drink through a Nursing Bottle.

TURNED ON WATER FOR GAS.

A St. John's Wood Inebriate Tries to Ignite Water.



THEY FOUGHT WITH KID GLOVES.

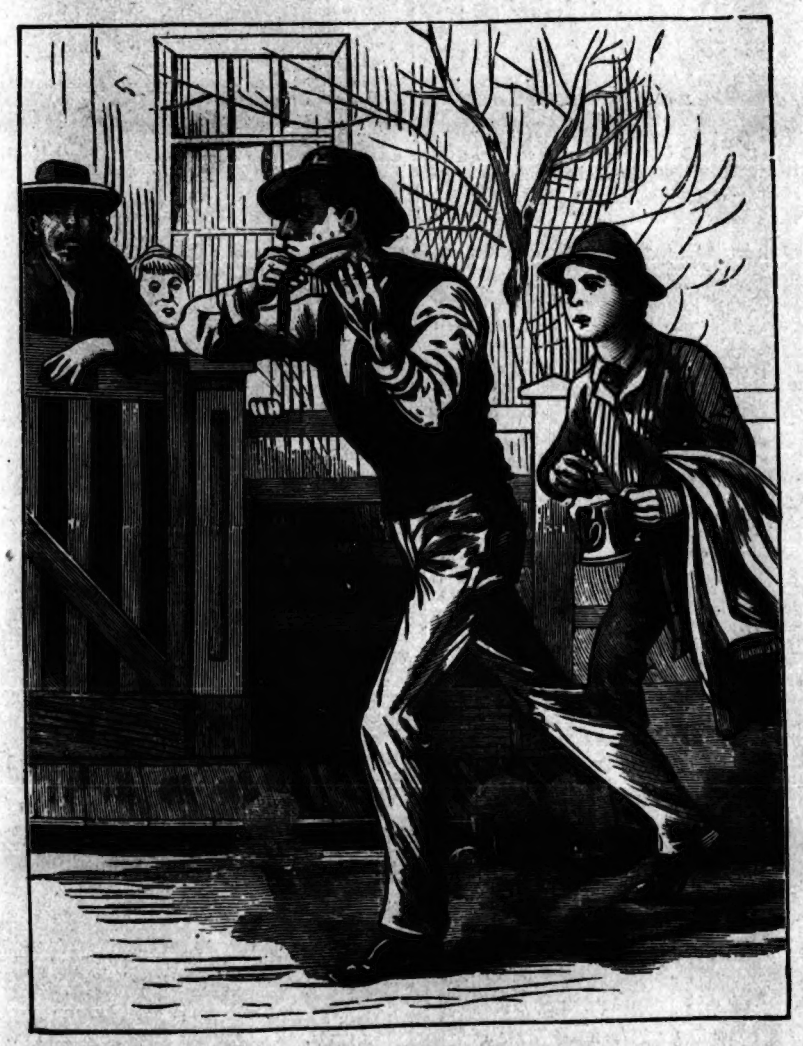
McMahon Knocks Out McCann in Fourteen Rounds.

IT WAS PLEASURE FOR HIM.

A New Jersey Canine Fascinated with Tobogganing.

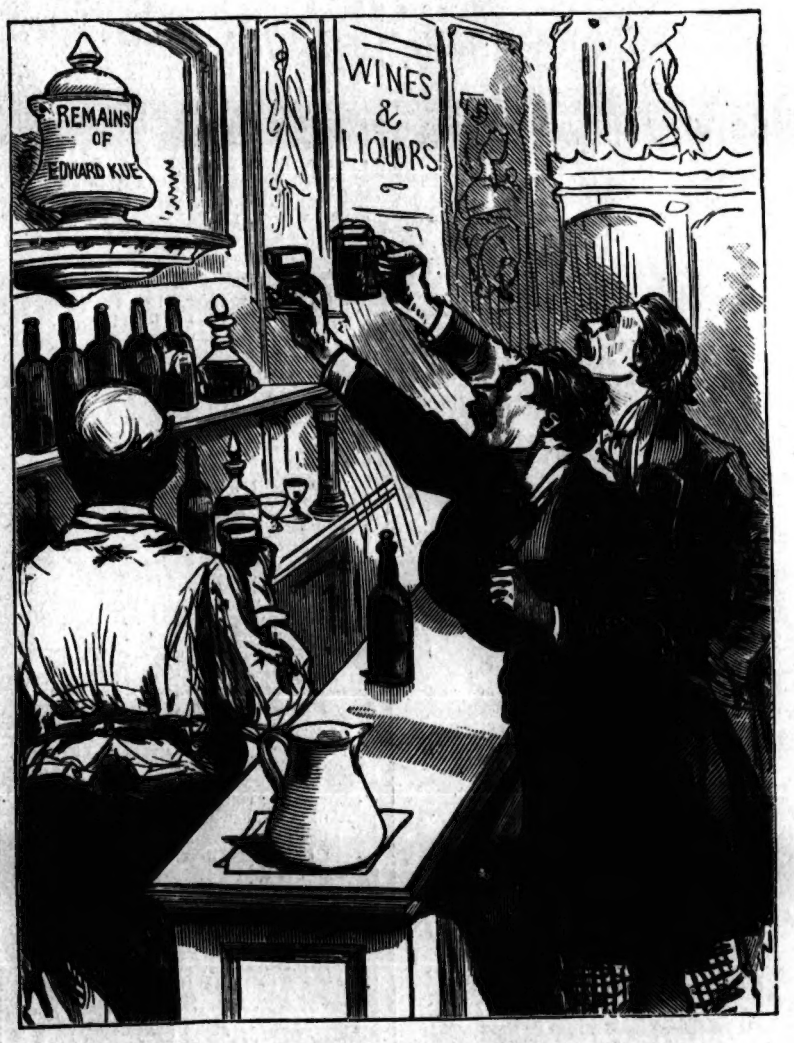
MISS PHYLLIS BEASLEY.

Birmingham's Favourite Vocalist.



HE WON THE WAGER.

An Ohio Man walks Half a Mile and Shaves Himself in Five Minutes.



THEY IMBIBED TO HIS HEALTH.

A Publican's Stroke of Business to Increase Trade.

SHE WAS A FEMALE BARBER.

Lottie Chettle Sues A. W. Wicks for Breach of Promise

The *Telegraph* of March 2 says:—

An action for breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff is a young woman following the occupation of a lady barber, was commenced in the Queen's Bench Division yesterday, before Mr. Justice Wright and a common jury. The plaintiff is Miss Lottie Chettle, and the defendant is a gentleman named Wicks.

The facts were explained at considerable length by Mr. Abinger in his opening statement, which occupied the Court until its rising. In the main, the story was somewhat amusing, and there was considerable laughter when counsel narrated certain incidents. Miss Chettle, the plaintiff, is a young woman of prepossessing appearance, with dark hair and *petite* figure.

A native of Swansea, in Glamorganshire, and the daughter of a hairdresser in a large way of business, Miss Chettle inserted an advertisement in a newspaper for employment, and the result was that in August, 1892, she came up to London and commenced her duties as a lady barber. (Laughter.) This arrangement, said Mr. Abinger, continued in operation until April in last year, when the defendant appeared upon the scene. He said he was a barrister—perhaps he was at the bar; but, at all events, he was constantly in Chancery Lane and in the lady barbers' shop in that thoroughfare. The plaintiff was there, in the service of Mrs. Groser, and defendant paid her a considerable amount of attention. He asked Mrs. Groser who she was. He sought permission to call upon her; and after she had shaved him—(laughter)—he asked if he might be allowed to walk out with her. (Renewed laughter.) In June he suggested that they should have an afternoon and an evening at the Crystal Palace. On the 12th of that month he wrote to her from the South-Western Hotel, Southampton, saying: "My dear Lottie,—As I promised you on Saturday last, I am pleased to say I have arrived here quite safely; but owing to the boat I am here to meet being late, I shall not be able to return to London until to-morrow or Wednesday." He also said: "I hope you are enjoying yourself during my absence, and that you have had plenty of roses, invitations to dinner parties, and theatres. When I see you again I hope you will be quite well and bonny. With best wishes, I remain, very sincerely yours, A. W. Y. Wicks." On June 15 Mrs. Groser, was asked to let the plaintiff leave earlier than usual because the defendant wanted to take her to the Crystal Palace; and the fireworks or something else at that place seemed so to have influenced Mr. Wicks that he took the opportunity to ask the lady if she would consent to be his wife. (Laughter.) She said that she certainly had an affection for him, but she would like to know more about him, and she reminded him that, whilst he was a member of the bar, she was in the humble but honourable occupation of a lady shaver. (Loud laughter.) He said that he did not care for that sentiment. He was wealthy, he was earning large sums of money in his practice, that he had a rich father and a very rich income of £900 a year. Money, in short, was no object. It was under these circumstances that the plaintiff accepted him. The first question that arose afterwards was as to the day of marriage; she wanted the day put off, and he wanted it to be as early as possible. It was finally appointed to take place in August, and the defendant committed an account of what had taken place at the Crystal Palace to paper in what he called a poem. It said:

Once I met in London town,
Totally unexpected,
A little girl of no renown,
With whom I got connected.
She sang no song of ancient race,
Of pride, great wealth, or glory,
But all day long she shaved the face
Of Liberal or Tory.
(Laughter.)
But later on a change came on,
She could not call her heart her own,
Because of him with wig and gown,
Who very frequently came down.
(Laughter.)
On Thursday, the 15th of June,
Under the light of stars and moon,
They to the Crystal Palace strolled,
To see the fireworks so bold.
There being many pretty trees,
Under their shade they took their ease,
From Arthur's heart this love did pour,
But Lottie could or would not hear.
Then by a lovely lake they walked
And argued first; but then they talked
Of things in general and nonsense; then
They sat down under the trees again,
So Arthur's heart did long to tell
How much he loved his darling girl,
When Lottie looked him in the face,
And said, "Go on," and keep your place.
(Laughter.)
He prayed her to be his wife,
To guide and guard his future life,
His troubles and his joys to share,
But Lottie pretended not to hear:
Then Arthur disappointed grew,
And positively did not know what to do;
But conscience came to Lottie's heart,
And for Arthur's arms she made a dart.
(Laughter.)
She told him that she loved him well,
But hadn't got the pluck to tell,
When he had begged and prayed her
To end suspense and call him near,
But once the gate became ajar
All her love from near and far
Was given him who knew its worth,
Was better far than heaven or earth.
And now this little tale must close,
Except the writer no one knows;
His happier days, without pretext,
Will be the 2nd of August next,
When Lottie Chettle's name will be,
From then to all eternity,
Lottie Wicks the wife of him
Who has composed this short poem.
(Laughter.)
With my best love and best wishes,
In memoriam *de die felicis*.
A. W. Wicks, 22, 6, 93.

The courtship continued without any suggestion of impropriety, and the lady always had to be in at her lodgings at Mrs. Barrett's by eleven at night. The defendant never entered the house, but always left her at the street door. On the 22nd of the same month the defendant invited her to a theatre, where he presented her with a very beautiful diamond and ruby ring, and where he introduced her to a friend of his, taking her by the hand to show his friend her engagement ring. She got ready her wedding trousseau, and she prepared a dress that was not of silk, but he said that the dress must be silk. Shortly afterwards he said that he could not wait till August, asked if she could not marry him on July 17, and, to facilitate his proposal, he organiser a trip up the river, and wrote to her that he would call for her at 9.45, and hoped that she would not keep him waiting. He addressed her as "My dear little Dolly," and in the course of his epistle he said:—

"I hope you have been able to select a suitable dress, and also a 'river rig' that will please me. I have received a letter from the Stereoscopic Company saying my photos are in course of preparation, but, being so very busy, cannot let me have them this week; very annoying. With full love from your very own,

"Arthur."

As July 17 approached, the plaintiff wrote to her father, mother, and sister to come up to be present at the marriage, and on the 15th they arrived in London. On that same day also she received from the defendant a letter in which he said:

"My dear Dolly,—I am very sorry to say I am ill—just about done up. I have been staying at home almost every day this week trying to rest myself; my back seems so very queer. Why did you not reply to my last two letters sent to Stephen Street, one on Tuesday and one on Thursday? I am sending this by special messenger, so as to be sure of your receiving it. I enclose paper for reply. Will you please meet me at Holborn Viaduct Station at four o'clock particularly? I am going away till Monday, and want to speak to you about that day. You must be there, dear, as I can't get about well now. Let me know how you are, dear; I am awfully down. With love, yours as ever,

"Arthur."

The Monday referred to was to be the wedding day, and on the 17th he came up to London, and on the 20th they went to the theatre together. The defendant had on August 1 written to a friend, saying, "Lottie has left Chancery Lane, and is at her aunt's residence at Atherstone, and where she will remain until her wedding day." The plaintiff had not known any but his City address, but she ascertained that he was living at Moore's Villa, and went there to make inquiries. The landlady, Mrs. Lynch, said that the defendant was a married man with a family. This announcement had such effect upon the plaintiff that she nearly fainted away, but she got home, flung off her ring, and locked herself in her room. The defendant afterwards called and tried to kiss her, but she would not let him do so, and he said that he was not a married man. It was true, he admitted, that he had two years ago in South Africa gone through a contract of matrimony with a woman, but she was not his wife, because he had found out that her husband was alive at that time, and had, at the time he was speaking, only recently died. He said that he would give her proof of this if she went to his house, and when she did go she found the place furnished in a most luxurious manner. He showed her a photograph of the woman, and arranged that she should go next day to the Safe Company's place in Chancery Lane, where he showed her a number of documents to prove that he was not married at all. She was convinced. On July 26 they were to go to the theatre, and he begged of Mrs. Barrett, her landlady, that she might have a latch key. He signed a document promising to settle £16,000 upon her the day after marriage. The result was that she was seduced, he obtained unlimited command over her, and the marriage was put off from time to time, and was never in fact performed.

The learned counsel had not concluded his speech when the further hearing of the case was adjourned.

TRAVELLED IN COSTUME.

Chorus Girls of Stranded Opera Company Part with their Clothing to get Home.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Ajab Hashim, the recently acquired husband of Marie Tavary, the prima donna, was a much-wanted man in the Sixth District Civil Court in New York City the other day.

Hashim, after his marriage to the prima donna, became her manager, and resolved to put her on the road as a star. This part of the arrangement was all right, but Hashim not only lacked the experience in theatrical ventures, but, what was more requisite, the necessary financial backing. That is why the company was stranded on December 6 at Buffalo, and that is why the chorus girls, who managed to get back to New York after Hashim disappeared, petitioned Civil Justice Martin for judgment against their erstwhile manager for salary and railroad fare.

"When I say we walked back—that is, some of us—I am telling only too little of the truth," said Miss Stevens, one of the fair plaintiffs. "I wasn't one of the girls that walked. I had money saved to pay my hotel bill and that of the girl who was rooming with me, and we got back to New York, but some of the troupe were forced to dispose of their wearing apparel to liquidate their bills and purchase railway tickets, and had to actually

Travel in the Car in Costume

to New York City. It would humiliate them to say what else they had to do, therefore I'll not mention too many facts." Justice Martin did not inquire further into the experiences of the Marie Tavary Grand English Opera Company's chorus girls, but promptly ordered a record of judgment rendered in each instance for the amount sought. Five complainants obtained judgment. They were Flora Guise, Miss Stevens, Miss Terese Lillman, Martha Thibet, and Florence Stubel. The suits were brought by the Working Women's Protective Union.

On the night of December 8 Conrad Behrens, one of the leading men in the cast, attached the box-office receipts in Buffalo for back salary. Hashim left for New York and the company shifted for themselves. On arriving in New York Hashim, who had been rejoined by his wife, organised another company and started out on the road without making any arrangement with his deluded chorus girls.

THEY FOUGHT WITH KID GLOVES.

McMahan Knocks Out McCann in Fourteen Rounds.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A fight with kid gloves to a finish under the Marquis of Queensberry rules for a purse of 500 dols. took place at Guttenburg, New Jersey, U.S.A., February 28, between McMahan and McCann, two New Yorkers, who scaled at 10st each. Considerable money was wagered on the result. They fought fourteen rounds, during which McMahan punished his opponent mercilessly, and finally knocked McCann senseless.

BROUGHT BACK DAYS OF YORE.

The other morning a tall, stout man, with a scraggly half-grown beard and every indication of poverty in his apparel entered a West-end café, and approached the desk where the proprietor was standing.

"I have not had anything to eat except a sandwich yesterday morning for two days," he said, in a voice that trembled with weakness. "Can't you let me have something."

The proprietor gave him a card to the head waiter, and pretty soon he was voraciously disposing of a plentiful breakfast. When he had finished he unconsciously dipped his fingers in the water-glass, passed them over his lips, and, drying them on the napkin, arose from the table. Drawing himself up, he smiled with satisfaction, and, putting his hand into the pocket of his tattered vest, he drew forth a sixpence and proffered it to the astonished waiter. When the latter refused the tip the man appeared to awaken from a dream, and with reddening face, he muttered something and hurriedly went out.

His gait, bearing, manner, and poise generally were those of a man who had known better days, and the unconscious recognition of the waiter showed that the power of habit acquired in the days of his prosperity had asserted itself when the momentary pleasure of a square meal had caused him to forget his present plight.

"There is always room at the top," said one actor to another.

"You wouldn't believe it," was the reply, "if you were to notice the gallery at a negro minstrel performance."

THOMAS STEELE, OF BETHNAL GREEN.

A Speedy Shaver Open for Competition.

(With Portrait.)

Thomas Steele, of Bethnal Green, is twenty-seven years of age, and being a protégé of James Rymer, he believes himself capable of contending with success against any of the rapid shavers of the day. He will figure as a competitor for The Mirror of Life championship trophy.

GEORGE DRAKE OF LEEDS.

A Bookmaker and Backer of Pugilists.

(With Portrait.)

One of the most prominent north country sports is George Drake, of Leeds. During the racing season he makes a book and is at all times prepared to risk money on any sporting event. He is one of the principal supporters of Dick Burge, and was one of the prime movers in the Burge benefit at Leeds, which proved so successful.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A tournament testimonial to Dick Burge, 10st pugilist, was held at the Assembly Rooms, Leeds, March 1, 2, and 3. The affair was a decided success, the house being crowded each evening. Among those who appeared in exhibition bouts were Chesterfield Goode, Bill Hatcher, George Corfield, Fred Locke, Martin and Tom Denny, the Australians, and Ross's Midgets. The first and second rounds of trial bouts were decided the first two nights, the finals taking place on March 3, a summary of which follows:—

7st Competition (open).—J. Pearson (Manchester) beat George Murray (London). Pearson took the lead all through, and had won cleverly at the finish.

8st Competition (open).—Fred Precious (Birmingham) beat Alf. Greer (St. Luke's, London). A well-contested set-to, Greer showing good defence, but Precious had won nicely when the gong sounded.

9st Competition (open).—Charles Tilley (Somers Town) beat W. Neale (Birmingham) (retired). Tilley forced the fighting from the start, and the Midlander had had enough and retired half-way through the third round.

Several exhibition spars were given, Dick Burge boxing a wind-up with Joe Wilson, of Leicester, in the absence of Will Hatcher, Islington, who had been Burge's opponent the two previous evenings.

* * *

A glove contest was fought at Newark, U.S.A., March 3, between George Siddons and "Danny" Russell for 500dols. It lasted 27 rounds, and Siddons was awarded the verdict on a foul. Russell, in the last round, seized Siddons, pitched him over into the crowd, and jumped on him. Siddons refused to claim a foul. Russell repeating it, the referee intervened.

* * *

Jack Slavin writes from New York City: "Kindly state in your esteemed paper that I am prepared to meet Ted Pritchard or any other English boxer for the best purse offered by any reputable club in your country."

* * *

A yacht race, in which the Prince of Wales's *Britannia* competed, took place off Marseilles March 4 in grand weather. The *Britannia* came in first, twenty minutes ahead of the Marquis Ridolfi's *Oretta* and M. Florio's *Valkyrie*, and secured the medal and prize of 2,000 francs.

* * *

The latest betting on the Sheffield Easter Handicap rules at 8 to 1 on the field.

"This parrot, ma'am," said the dealer, "is one that I can recommend. It was in the family of a clergyman for many years."

"Well, gents, what'll ye have? Name your pizen!" exclaimed the parrot, with startling emphasis.

"He was obliged to part with it, however," continued the dealer, with an apologetic cough, "and for the last year or two it has belonged to a New York alderman."

* * *

Tuff Mugs: "Got de jimmies?"
Baryl Howes: "Yep."
"And de dinnymite?"
"Yep. And de dark lantern."
"Sent dat note to de ward boss to have our pardon ready for us if we gets pinched?"
"Yep."
"Well, come along, den. I guess everyt'ing's ready."

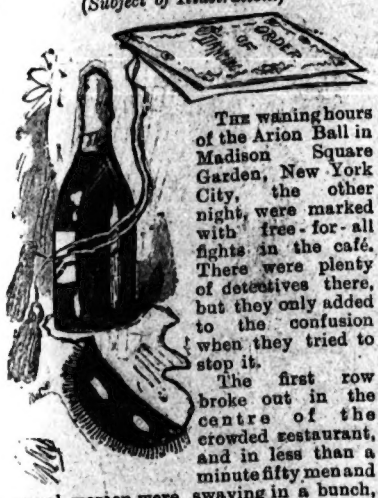
* * *

Teacher: "What do you know of Nero?"
Pupil: "He fiddled while Rome was burning."
"So it is said. It is also narrated of him that he was very near-sighted."
"Yes'm. He couldn't see, but he sawed."

CARRIED BODILY OFF THE FLOOR.

A Scene at the Arion Ball in New York City.

(Subject of Illustration.)



The waning hours of the Arion Ball in Madison Square Garden, New York City, the other night, were marked with free-for-all fights in the café. There were plenty of detectives there, but they only added to the confusion when they tried to stop it.

The first row broke out in the centre of the crowded restaurant, and in less than a minute fifty men and several women were swaying in a bunch, each struggling to put the other out of the way in some manner or other. The tables were swept clear of bottles and glasses, chairs were overturned, and the crash of glassware on the stone floor was an accompaniment to shouts and screams. Half a dozen detectives were in the midst of the hullabaloo separating belligerents and endeavouring to weed out the main aggressors. The detectives succeeded, after ten minutes of hot work, in getting some sort of order out of the indescribable jumble. Of course it was all caused by a woman.

She was a good-looking girl, dressed in black, and half drunk. A tall, young fellow was sipping wine near her and exchanging glances over the top of his glass with a little woman whose dark eyes sparkled underneath a heavy veil. The girl watched the pair for a moment and then marched straight up to the young man. She grabbed him by the arm and said in an authoritative tone that she wanted to speak with him immediately. He glanced at her and blushed crimson. Then he said:

"Go away. I don't want to talk with you," and he shook his arm free.

"What!" shrieked the girl, clutching his arm again and becoming more enraged; "you talk like that to me?"

"Now go away; I don't want any trouble here," exclaimed the young fellow, struggling to free his arm.

"What do you mean?" demanded the girl, furiously.

"Waiter, call an officer," said the young fellow.

Then the girl reached across the table and tried to tear the veil from the face of the little woman. She would have succeeded had not the young man given her a push which almost knocked her down. Another young fellow got into the wrangle then, and the free fight developed. The tall young man disappeared in the confusion.

The waiters had hardly had time to pick up the chairs, and the men involved in the fight had not yet arranged their clothing before there was another mêlée. This had been developing right along. A portly man, with a grey moustache and black hair, was sauntering around the tables, apparently amusing himself by looking at the carousers, when he caught the eye of a blonde woman in a light-blue gown. Her vis-à-vis was a very slender little fellow, whose attentions were evidently wasted on his partner. The portly man walked up to the table and, shaking hands with the blonde woman, sat down. The slim man glared and growled out something at the big fellow, who merely turned in his seat and sneered contemptuously. The slim young man struck at him and missed. The big man put on his hat and stood up. The woman got between the men, and a burly waiter tried to interfere. The slender man made a spring at the big one. Men and women crowded together, and glassware crashed again. Half a dozen men had hold of the little fellow, and finally threw him flat on his back on the floor. He wriggled around and disappeared, only to bob up right under the big man's nose as aggressive as ever. The big man shoved him off, and peace-makers grabbed him again. Once more he disappeared, but he seemed as slippery as an eel, for he was next seen behind the big man, trying to climb on his neck. There was a rush to save the big man, and several persons fell down. The detectives detected all this, but had great difficulty in restoring order, partly because several of them wore evening clothes instead of clubs. They were hustled around right and left, and hustled the others in turn. Two of them jumped on the small man and held him securely, while others pushed the pair and their prisoner out of the door.

A remnant of this combat moved off to a corner to straighten it out, and soon were in a worse turmoil than ever. The managers of the restaurant saw that the brawlers intended to keep it up all night, and, turning out part of the lights, announced that the restaurant was closed.

During all the trouble a fat-faced, jolly little German was letting out ear-piercing yells, which were invariably followed by a side-splitting laugh from a stout woman who sat at the same table. They ate oysters and drank champagne, and were entirely oblivious to everything that occurred away from their table.

It is rare that such scenes are witnessed at the Arion ball. Good nature and order have been the general rule. The only trouble was in the café. The society had 160 picked men to serve as a floor committee. All these wore costumes and all were stalwart, handsome fellows. Their work was systematised, and they did it effectually. Only once was there any real trouble.

On the Dancing Floor.

and that occurred when a brazen soubrette tried to see how high she could kick. One of the detectives cautioned her to stop, but she only laughed at him. He took hold of her to put her off the floor and she resisted, slapping the detective's face, clawing and kicking him, and finally tried to bite the guardian of the peace. She was finally

carried bodily off the floor

and handing over to a policeman in uniform. Just before the ball ended, a short, stockily built man with a bloody nose and rumpled shirt front approached a group of men standing in the lobby, and cried:

"Is there anybody here who has a liking for the New York Athletic Club?"

"You bet we have," said one of the crowd.

"Well, follow me, boys," shouted the little man, running inside again; but the crowd moved off the other way. The little man disappeared inside the amphitheatre, and came out on the run a few moments later with his silk hat jammed over his eyes and one of the tails missing from his coat. He never stopped running, and soon afterward a stout German walked out placidly. No explanations were given.

OTHER PEOPLES' BUSINESS.

Miss Bessie Bellwood was committed for trial, at New York, on a charge of assaulting her maid. She was subsequently released on bail, the amount being fixed at £60.

* * *

"Wimmin," said Mr. Grogan, "is moighty similar in wan way."

"An' fwat's thot?" inquired Mr. Hogan.

"No matther how minny av thim you git acquainted wid they're all alike in bein' different from wan another."

* * *

A man was arrested in Paris, February 28, in the act of placing what appeared to be a bomb outside a house in the Rue Ober Kampf. On being questioned he declared that he had more infernal machines of the same sort at his lodgings.

* * *

Serious rioting is reported from Eagle, West Virginia, March 1, where the miners on strike have made an attack upon the men remaining at work. One man was shot dead and eleven others wounded in the melée. Further trouble is feared, and the Governor has called out the State Militia.

* * *

Mr Jabez Balfour's brother, Mr. John Lucas Balfour, 62, of Millfield, Tamworth, died March 1, after a long illness. Deceased was at one time engaged as colliery manager in connection with a Warwickshire undertaking of the Liberator companies. His wife died about three weeks ago.

George Youd, of Manchester, has paid dearly for a kiss. He met a girl on Ardwick Green and forcibly kissed her. He coolly told the Stipendiary that he was attracted to the girl by the way she was dressed; her hat, he said, especially took his fancy. He was sent to gaol for a month.

* * *

Leamington has just been stirred by the marriage of an American girl with a police constable. The bride, who is only 19, left the house of her uncle, who is a colonel, stating that she was going for a walk, and then got married by special licence. It is said that on coming of age the girl will be entitled to a considerable fortune.

* * *

Madame Alziari, the woman who shot a notary dead in a church at Montpellier in August last, was condemned to eight years' solitary confinement at the Hérault Assizes the other day. The victim of her vengeance—a M. Jean—was accused by her of having neglected her financial affairs and caused her to lose several lawsuits.

* * *

The Autonomie Club will be closed in a few days. One of the chief reasons is stated to be that the majority of the members are indifferent, and that the club scarcely defrays its expenses; while the abolition of the Anti-Socialist law in Germany has deprived it of many of its opportunities of propaganda work in that country.

* * *

A boy named Percy Robert Marshall died at Goldthorp, near Mexborough, Feb. 28, from a shot wound inflicted by his brother Sidney, aged 15. Sidney was showing his brother a revolver in the bedroom, and the weapon accidentally went off and shot deceased in the neck. The lad had carried the loaded revolver in his pocket for several days, having purchased it without his parents' knowledge.

* * *

A case involving some interest has come before the police-court at New York City. Dr. William Hall, who figured as co-respondent in a recent divorce suit brought by Mr. Hewitt against his wife, is charged with desertion by the last-named lady, a well-known music-hall artist, known professionally as Bessie Hill. Dr. Hall, who leaves a wife in London, brought Mrs. Hewitt to America.

* * *

A clerical romance, which was brought about through the agency of a matrimonial journal, is reported from a country parish. A poor curate, seeing an advertisement setting forth that a lady with three hundred pounds a year, and a living in her gift, desired to marry, answered it. A correspondence ensued, references that proved mutually satisfactory were exchanged, an engagement followed, and now the wedding has been celebrated with due *éclat*.

* * *

At Felling, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, the gallery of a temporary theatre collapsed on February 27, just before the beginning of the performance, and precipitated the occupants, numbering nearly 400, into the pit. The fall of the gallery caused great alarm among the spectators, many women fainting. A number of men outside tore down the hoarding and extricated those inside. Many persons were slightly injured, but no one was seriously hurt.

* * *

Lady Howard de Walden, the donor of the new Dental Hospital in Great Portland Street, is the mother of the eccentric peer who figured so conspicuously in the Divorce Court in March of last year.

She is a lady of boundless wealth. The vast London property of the late Duke of Portland was shared between her and her sister, the late Lady Ossington. During her son's divorce proceedings, her London income alone was said to be £150,000 a year. She also shared with Lady Ossington the fortune of her mother, who was co-heiress of the famous gambler, General Scott of Balcaskie.

* * *

Count Stroganoff, who is one of the most wealthy noblemen in Russia, was not present to witness the victory of Texture; in fact, he was not in England, but he is a good sportsman, and very much inclined to greyhound coursing, which sport he has, with the assistance of a few friends, introduced into his native country. The Count, it may be stated, has been twice previously directly represented in the Waterloo Cup. In 1891 he ran Short Splice and in 1892 Steady Smoker; whilst he borrowed Wild Cavalier to run for him last year, but not one of the three could manage to raise a single flag in the big event.

* * *

Adolphus Wolff, who in 1886, was living in Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road, became suspicious of his wife's fidelity, so one evening he came home early and heard her voice in the room of a lodger named O'Neill. He stole softly upstairs, and as O'Neill's door was ajar he saw his wife embracing the lodger with ardour. He rushed into the room, seized the tongs, and struck at O'Neill's head; but his wife parried the blow, and the tongs were broken. Wolff turned them both out of the house, and when his wife came back next day to fetch he things she gave him a written confession of misconduct. At the Divorce Court, February 26, Wolff was granted a decree nisi, with costs against O'Neill.

* * *

An unusual incident occurred at the Academy of Music, Montreal, on February 28, at the termination of a performance given by Madame Patti, at which the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, and a brilliant audience were present. At the end of the concert the orchestra omitted to play "God Save the Queen," when Lord Aberdeen stood up, and, in a clear voice, started the anthem himself, the audience immediately joining him.

Severe comments have been passed at the neglect of the managers of the Academy of Music in omitting to observe this time-honoured custom. An explanation, however, has been given, to the effect that the musicians who travel with Madame Patti are not accustomed to play "God Save the Queen" at the end of the concert.

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